CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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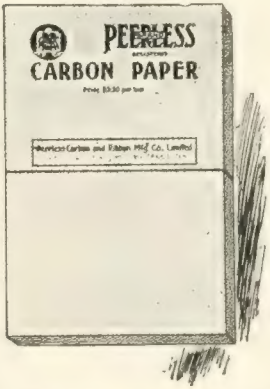

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PEGASUS ON THE PRAIRIE

BY KATHLEEN BOWKER

ACROSS the world, my horse and I are going
As strong as eagles in the sky,
Whence the soft winds of warm July are blowing –
The prairie lands are clear and wide—
The rip'ning wheat, on either side
Sings to us softly, as we ride,
A song of its own growing.

The wind swept world is tipped with gold a-swinging.
Like little lambs towards the fold
Drift golden clouds the sun will hold, breeze-bringing,
And golden is the thought that springs,
And—like a bird that brushed its wings
In passing, over my heart-strings,
It soars, and sets them singing—

Straight to the deep heart of the sun we thunder;
Chasing the day that's nearly done—
Capturing sunbeams one by one as plunder—
And towards the untouched height of land,
Like hope beneath my bridle hand,
My horse pulls hard—untaught to stand
The spur of youth and wonder.

And there we watch the sunset flare swift dying –
The night wind sighs an answering prayer.
A late lark through the upper air is flying,
The little gophers peep and pass,
And gossip with the prairie grass.
Where a slough shines, like looking-glass,
I hear a plover crying.

The rising moon shall be our lamp and spurning
The winding trail, we skirt the camp
Where fires of Indians a-tramp are burning.
The shining stars forecast our fates;
And well I know, my wise love waits
To give me, at the garden gates,
The rapture of returning.

WITH EVERY FENCE SPINAL GAINED ON THE FIELD, HIS "TUQUE BLEU" SHOWING IN THE LEAD STEADILY

To accompany "Spinal Maginnis, Processional Runner"—See page 340

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CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
MARCH

The DREAM GIRL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "The Common Law," "The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

FERRIS and I had had a dispute, a bitter one, and, as usual, Ferris had pushed his cap over his eyes until the hair on the back of his head stuck out.

"You can't do it," he said, shoving both hands up to the wrists in his canvas fishing-coat.

"I'll prove it," said I. "What a stubborn mule you are, Ferris!"

"Stubborn nothing," he retorted, "you and your theories must have your little airing, I suppose, but I don't intend to assist."

"I'm right sometimes," I said.

"Sometimes you're wrong, too," said Ferris.

Then he walked off toward the cliffs, whistling, uncompromising, untidy.

"There's a hole in your leggings!" I called after him, but he did not deign to answer me.

"Obstinate ass," I thought, for we were very fond of each other, "if he wastes his time with the Silver Doctor he'll rue it." Then I looked at Solomon and lighted a cigarette.

Solomon was a bird, an enervated bird of the Ibis species, wrinkled and wizened, like the mummies of his native land, which was Egypt. The bird was mine, a sarcastic tribute from Ferris, and the bird and the sarcasm both bore directly on the only disputes which ever arose between Ferris and myself. The cause of these disputes was a trout-fly, an innocent toy of scarlet and tinsel, known to anglers as the "Red Ibis." I swore by it, Ferris swore at it. In the long winter nights when the streams gurgled under the frozen forests and the lake was a sheet of soggy snow, Ferris and I loafed before the fire pulling tangled masses of leaders and flies about and dragging the silken lines over the rugs to hear the reels click. Every fly known to the brethren of the angle was discussed—every fly except the Red Ibis. We both honestly tried to

avoid this bone of contention. We talked of Duns and Hackles, and Spinners and Gnats, but in spite of every precaution the Red Ibis would occasionally rise like a fiery spectre between us, and then we disputed vehemently.

"No angler with a rag of self-respect would use the Ibis," said Ferris, with that obstinate shrug which added gall to the insult, and I—well, the crowning insult came when Ferris sent to Cairo and imported a live Egyptian Ibis for me.

"Pull out his tail feathers when you're short of Red Ibis," gasped Ferris, weak with laughter, as I stood silently inspecting the bird in my studio.

"I'll send him to Central Park," said I, swallowing my wrath; but I thought better of it, and Solomon, the wizened, became an important member of my household.

The bird was a mystery. I never cared to encounter his filmy eyes. Centuries seemed to roll away when he unclosed them, visions of tombs and obelisks filled my mind—glimpses of desert sunsets and the warm waters of lazy rivers. His black shrivelled head, bare as a skull, lay like a withered gourd among the garish flame-coloured feathers on his breast.

"Solly," said I, when Ferris disappeared below the cliff, "do you want a frog?"

The bird unclosed one eye. I went to a pail of water in which I kept minnows, and Solomon followed me, solemnly hopping.

"Help yourself, Solly," said I, uncovering the pail.

I called him Solly because I wished to put myself at ease with this relic of Egyptian Royalty. The splendour of Pharaoh's court had not dimmed this hoary prophet's eye, which was piercing when the sleepy film left it—piercing enough to make me feel thousands of years young, and very bourgeois. In vain I addressed him as Solly, in vain I gave him chocolate creams,—he was the aristocrat, the venerable high-priest of an Empire dead—and I was his man-servant, his ass, and his ox.

Solomon dabbled once or twice at a sportive minnow, pecked pensively at the handle of the pail, swallowed a pebble or two, and then, ruffling his scarlet feathers, sidled aimlessly back into the sedge by the frog-pond. I watched him for awhile, brooding dreamily among the rushes, but he paid no further attention either to me or to the small green frogs that squatted on the lily-pads or floated half submerged, watching him with enormous eyes.

A noisy blue-jay flitted through the orchard and alighted on a crab-apple tree solely to insult Solomon. He of course was unsuccessful, and his language became so utterly unfit for publication that I moved away, shocked and annoyed.

The sun was very hot. It glittered with a blinding light across the rippling pond, where dragon-flies darted and sailed and chased each other over the water, or flitted among the clouds of dancing midges, searching for prey.

A sweet smell came to me from orchard and sedge; there was an odour of scented rushes in the air, and the lingering summer wind bore puffs of perfume from clover-fields and meadows fragrant with a flowering mint. I looked again toward the cliffs. Ferris was not in sight.

"Obstinate mule," I thought, and, picking up my rod and fly-book, I sauntered toward the forest.

"Ferris," said I to myself, "is after that big trout by the Red Rock Rapids, but he'll never raise him with a Silver Doctor, and he'll come home in a devil of a temper."

I sat down in a clump of sweet fern and joined my rod. When I had run the silk through the guides and had fastened the nine-foot leader, I opened my fly-book and sought for a Red Ibis fly. There was not one in the book.

"I must send to New York to-morrow," I thought, turning the aluminum leaves impatiently; "fancy my being out of Red Ibis!" I selected a yellow oak fly for the dropper and a nameless Gnat for the hand-fly, and drawing the leader down to the reel, started on again, carrying my rod with the tip behind me.

The forest was dim and moist and

silent. Where the sunshine fell among the ferns a few flies buzzed in the gilded warmth; but except for this and a strange grey bird which flitted before me silently as I walked, there was no sign of life, nothing stirring, not a rustle among the leaves, not a movement, not a bird-note.

Over moss and dead leaves aglisten in the pale forest light I passed,—over crumbling logs, damp and lichen-covered, half submerged in little pools; and the musty fragrance of the forest mould set me dreaming of dryads, and fauns, and lost altars, whose marbles, stained with tender green, glimmer in ancient forests.

This belt of woods was always silent; I often wondered why. There were no birds—none except this strange grey creature which kept flitting ahead of me, uttering no note. It was the first bird except Solomon, who occasionally accompanied me on my trips to the long pool in the river which borders the wooded belt on the west.

It was an unknown bird to me,—I could catch fleeting glimpses of it,—and its long slender wings and dark eyes brought no recollections to my mind.

To the north, south, and east the woods were full of thrushes and woodpeckers; full of game, too—grouse, deer, foxes, and an occasional mink and otter, but the shy wood creatures left the western forest belt alone, and even the trout seemed to shun the dark pools where the river swept the edges of the wood until it curved out again by Lynx Peak. I say the trout shunned it, but there was one, a monstrous fish, wily and subtile, that lived in the long amber pool below. Early in the season Ferris had raised him with a Silver Doctor, and Ferris's madness on the Silver Doctor dated from that moment. His mania for this fly led him to use it in season and out, and no amount of persuasion or of ridicule moved him.

"Because," said I, "you had a Silver Doctor snapped off by a big fish, do you imagine it's the only fly in the world?"

"It's good enough for me," he said.

There were two things which Ferris used to say that maddened me. One was, "The Silver Doctor is good enough for me;" the other was, "New York's good enough for me."

We never discussed the latter question after Ferris had alluded to me as a "Latin Quarter Nondescript," but the battle still raged over the merits of the Silver Doctor and the Red Ibis.

When I came to the wooded slope which overhung the river I buttoned my shooting coat and began a cautious descent, trailing my rod carefully. I headed for the foot of the pool, for one of my theories, which ruffled Ferris, was that certain pools should be fished up stream. This was one of those pools, according to my theory; and when I had reached the rocks and had waded into the rushing water, I faced up stream and cast straight out into the rapids which curled among the boulders at the foot of the pool.

At the second cast I hooked a snag and waded out to disengage it. Fumbling about under the foaming water I found my fly imbedded in something which refused to give way. I tugged cautiously and gently; it was useless. Then I rolled up my sleeve and plunged my arm into the water up to the shoulder. This time it did give way; I drew out my arm and held up something glistening and dripping, in which my hook was firmly imbedded. It was a shoe, small, pointed, high-heeled, and buckled with a silver buckle.

"This, said I, "is most extraordinary," and I sat down on a flat rock, holding the shoe close to my eyes.

"Besnard—Paris," I read stamped on the lining over the heel. And the buckle was of sterling silver. I sat for a moment, thinking.

Our cottage, Ferris's and mine, was the only house in the whole region that I knew of, except the old house in the glade by the White Moss Spring, and I recollected that Ferris had spoken of poachers. We had been too lazy to investigate, too lazy even to remember it until, as I sat there holding the small shoe, the incident came back to me, and I wondered whether anybody had taken up an abode in the abandoned farm.

I didn't like it. The forests and

streams belonged to Ferris and me, and although up to the present moment it had not been necessary to employ many keepers, I began to fear that our woods were being invaded and that we should soon be obliged to find protection.

I looked at the shoe, turning it over carefully in my hands. It was new—had scarcely been worn at all.

"Pooh," I thought, "the owner of this could scarcely do much damage among the game, but of course, there may be bigger shoes in company with this, and those bigger shoes had better look out!"

My first impulse was to throw the shoe into the underbrush. I started to do this, and then carefully laid it down on a sunwarmed rock.

"Let it dry," I muttered; "it's evidence for Ferris" But as it happened, Ferris was not destined to see the shoe.

I fished the pool twice, once up and once down, and heaven knows I fished it conscientiously; but no trout rose to the flies, although I changed the cast half a dozen times and even violated my feelings by tying a Silver Doctor. It was true I glanced up and down the river to see whether Ferris was in sight before I did so.

"The wily old devil won't come up," said I to myself, meaning the trout; "I'll give him a rest for a while." And I sat down on the rock where the pointed shoe was drying in the sun, laying my rod beside me.

"What's the use of speculating about this shoe," I thought, and straightway began to speculate.

The strange grey bird with the slender wings and dark eyes slipped through the undergrowth along the opposite side of the pool, but it uttered no call, and I caught only fleeting glimpses of it at intervals. Once, for a moment, it flitted quite near, and a sudden sense of having seen it before came over me, but after a little thinking I found myself associating it with a rare bird I had once noticed in northern France, and of course it was impossible that this could be a French bird.

"It was an association of ideas," said I to myself, looking at the mark in the slim shoe. "Besnard—Paris." And I began speculating upon the owner of the shoe.

"Young? Probably. Slender? Probably. Pretty? The deuce take the shoe," I muttered, picking up my rod. Presently I laid it down again softly.

"Now, perhaps," said I to myself, "this little shoe has tapped the gravel of the Luxembourg, patted the asphalt of the Boulevard des Italiens, brushed the lawns of the Bois—ah me! ah me!—the devil take the shoe!"

The sun beat down upon the rock; the little shoe in my hand was nearly dry.

"No," said I to myself, "I'll not show it to Ferris. And I'll not shove it into my pocket—no—for if Ferris finds it he'll rag me to death. I'll throw it away." I stood up.

"I'll just throw it away," I repeated aloud to encourage myself, for I didn't want to throw it away.

"One, two, three," said I, with an attempt at carelessness which changed to astonishment as I raised my eyes to the bank above, whither I had intended to hurl the shoe.

For an instant I stood rigid, my right hand clutching the shoe, arrested in mid air. Then I placed the shoe very carefully upon the rock beside me and took off my shooting-cap.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "I did not see you."

I stood silent, politely holding my shooting-cap against my stomach. But I was confused, for she had answered me in French, pure Parisian French, and my ideas were considerably unbalanced.

I am afraid I stared a little. I tried not to. She was slender and very young. Her dark eyes, half shadowed under black lashes, made me think of the strange, dark-eyed bird that had followed me. She sat on the crooked trunk of a tree overhanging the bank, her feet negligently crossed, her hands in the pockets of a leather shooting-jacket. I'm afraid to say how short her skirts were,—but of course this is the age of shooting-kilts.

"Madame," I said, trying to keep my eyes from one small stockinged foot, "I found a shoe——"

"My shoe, Monsieur," she said, serenely.

"Permit me, Madame," said I—

"Mademoiselle—" said she—

"Permit me,—a thousand pardons, Mademoiselle,—to return to you your shoe."

"It was very stupid of me to lose it," said she.

"It is nearly dry," said I; "will Mademoiselle pardon the uncommitted stupidity of which I was nearly guilty."

"You were going to throw it away," said she.

"I almost perpetrated that unpardonable crime——"

"Give it to me," she said, with a gracious gesture.

Now when she smiled I smiled too, and picking up the shoe waded across the pool to the bank under her.

"May I come up?" I asked.

"Pardi, Monsieur, how else am I to get my shoe?"

I clambered up, hanging to limbs and branches. It was a miracle I did not break my neck.

"Why do you not take the path?" she asked. "Do you not know you might fall—and all for a shoe?"

"But such a shoe——"

"True, the buckle is silver——"

"Which I claim the privilege of buckling," said I, dragging myself up beside her.

She deliberately held out her slim stockinged foot, and I slipped the shoe on it.

The silver buckle was not easily buckled. There were difficulties—for the tongue had become bent and needed straightening.

"You might take the shoe off again to arrange the buckle," she said.

"I can straighten it without that," said I.

When at last the buckle was clasped we had been talking so long that I had told her my name, my residence, my profession, and more or less about Ferris. I don't know why I told her all this. She seemed to be interested. Then I asked her if she lived at "The Brambles."

"The Brambles?" she repeated, looking at her shoes.

"The deserted farm of the White Moss Spring—"

"Yes—not alone; I have a housekeeper."

"Aged?"

"Very—and fierce. But I shall do as I please."

"Did you buy the house?"

"No. It was empty, and I walked in. Next day they sent my twelve trunks from Lynne Centre. The furniture was good."

"And you have been there for two months?"

"Yes. I have a horse and dog-cart too. Rose drives to Lynne Centre twice a week for the marketing. I think I shall keep a cow—I generally do what I please. I choose to amuse myself with you just now."

"This," said I, "is a very strange history; did you know that Mr. Ferris and myself—existed?"

"It is not a strange history,—no, I once saw your house as I passed through the forest belt, but there was nobody there on the lawn except an ordinary person with little side whiskers."

"Howlett!" I exclaimed.

"Comment?" she asked.

"A servant, an Englishman."

"Probably," said she, looking dreamily at me.

Then I told her all about Ferris and myself; how we came every spring to the Clover Cottage with Howlett, a cook, and three dogs as retinue, how we fished in summer and shot in the autumn, how twice a year men came all the way from Lynne Centre to house our hay and repair damages, how the game-keepers lurked at the mouth of the valley, miles to the south, to prevent poachers from entering, but we concluded it was not necessary for keepers to patrol the woods inside the valley.

"Now," I said, "the poachers are in our very midst—here established—and such dangerous poachers, too! What shall we do with them, Mademoiselle?"

"You mean me," she said, with wide open eyes.

"No," said I, "I do not mean you—

"SHE IS TOO DEEP," SAID I TO MYSELF—"TOO DEEP FOR ME," AND I LOOKED HER QUESTIONINGLY IN THE EYES, AND THEN A SUDDEN CONVICTION SEIZED ME THAT SHE WAS AS INNOCENT AS SHE LOOKED

PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

you are very welcome in our valley."

"But I am sure you do mean me," she said, smiling.

Then we talked of other things, of Paris and France; of trout, and flies, and Ferris, of Normandy; and of the beauty of the world; but it was nearly five o'clock before we spoke of love.

"I have never loved," she said, looking at me calmly.

"Oh, how unnecessary!" I thought, for I had believed her clever.

"But," she continued, gravely, "I think it is time that I did."

"I think so too," said I.

"I should like to fall in love," said she; "I have nothing else to do."

"I also am very idle," I said.

"Then," said she, "the opportunity only is lacking."

I think I muttered something about poachers—I was not perfectly cool.

"Now," said she, "I know you mean me!"

"Oh," said I, "I mean a keener poacher than you or I, a free rover more to be dreaded than an army of riflemen."

"Then you don't mean me," she said.

I shook my head.

"Do you know," said she, "I should very much like to be the heroine of a romance."

"I will aid you to be one!" I said, hastily. "We have known each other nearly three hours."

"Let us," said she, "pretend that this is the forest of Versailles in the time of Louis Quinze."

"Let us indeed!" I cried, enthusiastically.

"And you are a Count——"

"And you a Marquise——"

"Named Diane; it is my real name."

"Diane."

"And you——"

"My real name is Louis— "

"It will do; you may kiss my hand."

I wondered just where she was going to draw the line. Then, the devil prompting, I entered recklessly into this most extraordinary adventure.

And what an adventure! Words, thoughts even failed me as I looked at her. This woodland maid with the wonderful eyes! There was no mistaking the challenge in her eyes, the half-innocent smile, the utter disregard for every human conventionality.

"How," thought I—"how can such a woman wear a childlike face!" I had known coquettes,—many,—but the depth of this strange girl's recklessness I feared to sound—I dreaded almost to understand.

"She is too deep," said I to myself—"too deep for me," and I looked her questioningly in the eyes.

I don't know why or how,—I never shall know probably, but a sudden conviction seized me that she was as innocent as she looked. Imagine a man coming to such a conclusion! I felt inclined to laugh, and yet I was as firmly convinced as though I had known her all my life.

"You may kiss my hand," she said, and held it out to me.

I did. I wished I hadn't a moment later, for I tumbled head over heels in love with her and fairly gasped at the idea.

"Lovers in the court of Louis Quinze resembled us, I think," she said, after a long silence.

"We will try to make the resemblance perfect," said I, taking both her hands in mine.

She bent her head a little,—there was just a shadow of resistance,—then I kissed her on the lips.

There are moments in a man's life when he does not know whether he is a-foot or a-horse-back. I remember that I sat down on the bank and carefully uprooted several ferns. When I had regained control of my voice,—the little maid was very silent,—I asked her to tell me of herself, if it might please her to do so.

"I was born," said the little maid, resting her small head on one hand, "in Rouen. Do you know Rouen?"

"Yes."

"Papa was an officer, and he killed his general when I was seven years old. It was something about Mama; I never saw her again. Then we went to Canada very quickly; Papa died there. I had been in a convent school; I ran away, and went to New York. I am nineteen, and very reckless."

"Yes, Diane."

"I have a great deal of money in in banknotes. It was Papa's. I have never counted it—it is in a big trunk. I understand English, but do not care to speak it. I do not care what becomes of me; I wish it were over—this life. You are the first man who ever kissed me. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, Diane."

"I wonder you do. Let us go down to the river where the sunlight falls. The descent is easy——"

"Diane—you must not go——"

"With you—will you give me your hand?"

"Come."

"Did you see that shy grey bird?" said the little maid, hesitating on the slope, her hand in mine.

I could not see it, for we had already begun the descent.

To be continued

RILEY'S ROSES

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

"RILEY'S roses"—wreathed in rhyme,
Joyous as the summertime,
Honey-sweet and jewel-fair—
Roses, roses, red and rare!

Poet of the golden heart,
Wreathe more roses by your art—
In them is the breath of spring
And the whole world's blossoming.

Aye, and hidden deep within
Is what makes us all akin
What God's world is fashioned of,
Human faith and human love!

Riley's roses! Dusk and dawn
Of the wonder-days agone,
And the marvelous perfume
Of a song that bursts in bloom!

"THE [illegible]" ONCE A SEALING SCHOONER, AND LATER THE CRAFT IN WHICH ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON CRUISED HIS BELOVED SOUTH SEAS, LIES AMONG THE ABANDONED SEALING FLEET BELOW POINT ELLICE BRIDGE, VICTORIA

SEALING AND SANDY McLEAN

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"NOT that old tub lying half up on the beach there!"

A young girl, delicate of feature and modishly dressed, typically tourist as tourists are known in Victoria, British Columbia, where they have thousands of them every year, pointed with slender finger to a poor gaping wreck of a schooner piled up on the shallow beach below Point Ellice Bridge in Victoria harbor. The guide had just informed the party of which the young girl was one, that the sixty odd derelicts below were the remains of the far-famed Victoria sealing fleet. Surprise and disappointment were written large in the maiden's face when, having been reassured, she contemplated the weather-worn hulk. The party passed on to other "points of interest". The sealing fleet, hull, sheet and rotting spar, had flitted from their minds and from their memories probably for all time. But I stood for

a long while looking down on the warped decks of the schooner she had derided, lost in thought of the incident; of the contrast conjured up between that delicate girl and the men that had paced the deck of that insignificant looking sealer. For, by chance, the girl had picked out a vessel which in its career had whirled in the vortex of more excitement than probably any other vessel of her tonnage still afloat.

"Why are they left there?"

THE KILLERS AT WORK ON ST. PAUL, CLUBBING A POD OF SEALS SELECTED FROM THE HERD. THOSE THAT ARE REJECTED ARE ALLOWED TO REJOIN THE MAIN HERD ON THE "PULLING OUT" GROUNDS

That is one of the first questions with most visitors. It might be answered in either a tome or a sentence. Briefly, the old schooners are left there as a monument to what has been; as a sort of security for the claims the Canadian sealers have preferred in compensation for the loss they sustained when the international agreement of years ago made sealing for them well nigh impossible and certainly unprofitable. Now, as a result of the great sealing conference held in Washington and just closed, whereby the several countries interested in the sealing industry have agreed to suspend all operations for a term of fifteen years, the owners of these abandoned vessels are to be paid the indemnity they have long awaited. Perhaps at the end of the close season Victoria will again send a great sealing fleet northward into the Smoky Seas. But when that bright day arrives none of the boats in that long disused fleet will go. Their days in the seal chase are past. Some of them, such as are fit for any service, will perhaps be used as fishermen; the remainder will go to the port of departed derelicts.

And when they go there will be many to mourn them, for to know something of their history and identity, is to open the index to the true romance. Among their number is many a famous craft. Rotting there is the vessel in which the revered "R.L.S." cruised his beloved South Seas and there, too, is the original of what Kipling called "The Northern Light", famed for "a hidden sea and a hidden fight", and one of the many schooners rendered notable by the skipper whom Jack London had in mind when he created the character of Wolf Larsen in "The Sea Wolf". The same skipper was the hero of the late Frank Norris' stories of the "Three Black Crows".

Ever hear tell of Sandy McLean? "Alexander" he was called formally by his mother when he first opened his eyes on this adventurous world, away down east in Nova Scotia. McLean left Nova Scotia, where he was reared, mostly on the deck of a fishing smack with the salt air filling his lungs, and went westward. Soon afterwards the Pacific Coast began to get acquainted with a big burly sea dog with enormous sandy moustaches. He was called "Sandy" McLean and in the years that followed his adventures by land and sea would fill a large book. But with the death of the sealing industry, so far as Canada and the United States

were concerned, McLean's real adventures closed. You could find him to-day if you tried, a reserved, inoffensive man, skipper of a tug boat plying out of the harbor of Vancouver. Then, there was Dan Macauley, who hailed from Newfoundland. He tasted of the wine of adventure in the northern seas too, and he is also engaged now in the less perilous work of piloting the destinies of a tug out of Victoria. Captain Balcom, now a wealthy member of a large Vancouver Island whaling company, is another of the old-time sealing skippers who could relate many a tale of daring. Of them all, Sandy McLean was perhaps the most picturesque and the most famous.

GATHERING UP THE PELTS AT ST. PAUL ISLAND AFTER THE KILLERS AND SKINNERS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK. THE SIWASH SQUAWS DO A GOOD SHARE OF THIS WORK, HANDLING THE SEALS AND THE BARROW EXPERTLY

It isn't necessary to visit "Cisco's Dewdrop Dining Rooms" to hear tales of the daring of some of these early masters of the sailing seas. Almost anywhere along the waterfront in Victoria or Vancouver you can find some more or less ancient mariner who, on proper acquaintance, will entertain you with true stories that sound like the best fruits of a disordered mind.

Pelagic sealing was not particularly lucrative in the summer of 1905 and therefore the seal patrols of the favored nations enjoying rookeries were the more watchful. On Copper Island, a Russian possession off the southeast coast of Kamchatka, where the Russians had a fur station, there had been a half company of imperial soldiers, well fortified and ready for any emergency. Then had come the panic following the report that the island of Sagalien was threatened with invasion and Copper Island was left to the care of ten men under command of a sergeant. The bulk of the garrison had no more than disappeared when a long, clear-lined schooner, flying a flag which the Russians had never seen before, slid into the small harbor and dropped her anchor. It was not the United States flag she flew nor was it the flag of England. The Czar's men knew those banners. This flag was strange and they watched with interest the putting off of a small boat. A big, broad-chested American, skipper of this strange schooner, stepped ashore with a smile and signified that he wanted water. He told them that his vessel was Mexican. He was a very affable captain, a great joker, a jolly dog, and he seemed so glad to meet the Czar's men. Moreover, he had tremendous sandy moustaches. The Russians gave him water and laughed and talked with him. They had seen no stranger for many weary months and this visitor was so genial, so kindly and so obviously honest and open-hearted that they were in love with him almost at once.

So well did the big American skipper like his new Russian friends that he lay over until next day and that afternoon he came ashore with two cases of the finest French champagne and several varieties of liquors, some of which the humble Russian soldiers had never so

much as heard of. This most princely skipper also brought along some excellent cigars and several of his men from the schooner. Then began the most wonderful celebration the Russian garrison had experienced in many a day. Wine and spirits flowed like water, the smoke and aroma of fine cigars filled the low-ceiled garrison quarters. Songs were sung and stories were told. The big skipper even made a speech in Russian. The sergeant in command

THE "KILLING GROUNDS" ON ST. PAUL, A RICH ROOKERY FOR RAIDERS IN THE PALMY DAYS. THE "POD" HAS BEEN CLUBBED, STUCK AND SKINNED, AND INDIAN WOMEN ARE BUSY CUTTING POT-MEAT FROM THE GLISTENING CARCASSES

of the garrison was the first to give in. He made several brave attempts to keep pace, stoup for stoup, with his friend the big skipper, but the latter seemed to have a brain of ice and a stomach of sheet lead. The liquor served but to make him more genial and kindly and when the Russian sergeant at last slipped from his place and slid gracefully under the long table, the courteous skipper even took off his coat and folded it for a pillow beneath the sergeant's head. Far into the northern night the songs and the stories, the clink of glasses and the snap of cigar-lighting matches, disturbed the peace of God. The Russian soldiers threw restraint to the winds. They were once more in their native villages. It was a fete day. They sang and shouted and whirled about the room in tipsy wise, locked in one another's arms, calling forth the names of Russian girls.

The sergeant was the first to awaken. Bright light streaming through the port-hole windows fell across the room. The sergeant was seated in a chair at the head of the table. Empty bottles and broken glasses decorated the table and the floor and the room was filled with stale smoke. The sergeant called on his men, for his head reeled; but none replied. He tried to move and found that his hands were tied behind his back. Then he broke forth into curses that made the room ring. Gradually ten of his men came to their senses. They were seated in the chairs along the big table, each neatly trussed up like fowls for the basting. The big, jovial American skipper and his boon companions—they were gone, faded away like a dream. An hour later when one of the Russians had loosed himself and set his comrades free the sergeant came to a full realization of what had happened. It was all very clear, painfully plain and simple. The storehouse locks had been forced; the long schooner with the Mexican flag was gone—and so were all the furs stored on Copper Island, valued between $15,000 and $20,000.

On one of those rare days in the northern seas when the fog lifts and the sea-scape is clear, eight years ago a Russian revenue cutter, cruising off the Kommandorfsky Islands, northeast of Kamchatka, sighted a low, lean schooner footing it southward. Suspicious at once, the cruiser swung over a few points and bore down upon the stranger. Right away the schooner broke out more sail and picked up all

the breeze blowing. At the same time the Russians on the cruiser heard the exhaust of an auxiliary engine. The cruiser put on all speed and the chase began. The swift cruiser quickly overhauled the fugitive schooner and commanded her to heave to. She complied only after a shot from one of the bow guns carried away some of her rigging. Fifteen minutes afterwards the Russian officers came up out of her hold and seized her papers and placed the skipper

liary engine and removed some of the principal parts to their own vessel.

For two days the Acapulco, her own crew on board, lay practically under the nose of the cruiser while the commander of the latter made preparations for completing the seizure. During this time the men on board the Acapulco remained inactive, awaiting their fate. Apparently the skipper with the big moustaches was ready to take what the Russians deemed he deserved.

DUTCH HARBOR, WITH SEALERS IN PORT AND A PROTECTION CUTTER IN THE BAY. MANY A ROMANCE HAS GAINED A CHAPTER HERE

a big, broad-chested man with great sandy moustaches, and his crew under arrest. There was no excuse possible and the big skipper offered none. He was fairly caught and below decks there was bloody evidence and to spare of guilt. His papers showed that his craft was the Acapulco, Mazatlan register; his flag Mexican. The cutter took the trim schooner under convoy to the nearest port of the Kommandorfsky group where she was to be held while her skipper was tried and sentenced as a seal poacher. The Russians were jubilant. They had never caught a poacher with more proof of guilt. They had this American with the Mexican schooner just where they wanted him.

When the little harbor was reached and the schooner's anchor dropped, the Russians took precautions to keep the poacher where he could not get away from them. Their first act was to seize his papers and some of his gear. They then uncoupled the auxi-

These Russians had never seen those big moustaches before.

On the third night a heavy fog setled over the sea and shut out all view beyond a radius of a few yards. At sundown the atmosphere was so thick that the seized schooner was completely lost to view from the cruiser's deck and the commander made preparations to have a guard sent aboard the poacher at nine o'clock to make assurance doubly sure. The noise of hammering coming from the direction of the captured vessel aroused the commander's suspicion and he gave orders for the guard to leave at once. The men detailed to this duty were in the act of assembling when there was a heavy explosion just under the stern overhang of the cruiser and almost at once the Russians heard the steady chug-chug of a heavy-duty auxiliary engine sounding faintly through the fog.

A sense of what had mysteriously happened flashed across the command-

der's mind and he gave instant orders to have the cruiser's anchor taken up and the vessel put under weigh with all speed. Russian sailors flew about their tasks fired with the excitement of the unusual occurrence. The commander fumed and fussed until the anchor was up. Then, at the command, the engines turned over. There was a rattle and a wild racing. The cruiser failed to move. A few seconds later word came from below that the propeller and a part of the rudder had been blown to pieces.

Cursing and raving, the commander gave orders to lower a small launch and put off to the seized schooner. But, when the launch with its guard on board neared the spot where the schooner had lain she was not there and the Russians could just barely catch the rhythmic beat of an exhaust far beyond the entrance to the harbor. Over everything, shutting out all view and all hope of pursuit, was the thick, northern fog.

Subsequent investigation revealed the facts that the skipper with the big moustaches had had a complete duplicate set of parts for his auxiliary engine hidden away in the schooner's hold. A boat from the schooner, rowed with muffled oars, had quietly slipped under the cruiser's stern and attached a bomb with a time fuse at the spot where it would do the most good.

The skipper with the big moustaches was becoming notorious by this time. Besides such major adventures as have been referred to he participated in a host of minor depredations and he was was feared and sought by half the revenue boats on Pacific and northern water. The difficulty the authorities experienced lay in the fact that there was no direct proof against him at any time he was available. Then, in the spring of 1904, he fitted up the swift schooner Carmencita at San Francisco, and started north. Information to this effect was immediately flashed to the department of commerce who, in turn, submitted it to the department of justice and, on evidence adduced through the secret service, the skipper with the big moustaches was indicted in San Francisco. Two revenue cutters were instructed to go after the Carmencita and bring the skipper back dead or alive. Then a merry chase began, a chase which led all over the Behring Sea and the North Pacific. The skipper of the Carmencita, with his customary shrewdness, had evidently guessed at the trend of events for he had dodged into the Mexican port of Mazatlan and, following his old tactics, had again registered his vessel under the Mexican laws and changed her name to that of his old favorite, the Acapulco.

For almost a year the revenue cutters of the United States sought the Carmencita of San Francisco; and for almost a year the Acapulco of Mazatlan dodged and ran, covered and redoubled. At the end of that time she had wormed her way through the net far enough south to duck into Victoria, Vancouver Island, and there, owing to her Mexican register, the appeal for the arrest of the skipper with the big moustaches sent by the American authorities to the British Columbia authorities could not avail.

The American government could not arrest this skipper either. His registry and flag were American and only by virtue of special arrangements with Mexico could he be legally apprehended by the United States for pelagic sealing. Strong efforts were made to secure the co-operation of Mexico but these failed and the Acapulco and her skipper went free together with the three hundred choice skins she had brought to Victoria.

It was only when the profits went out of sealing that the skipper with the big moustaches retired from the trade. Many times he was captured but he always managed, by daring and wit, to escape. When his last schooner was shuffled in and tied up among the derelicts below Point Ellice Bridge, Victoria, he took to steam-boating on the Skeena river, exciting enough in its early stages. Then he got an interest in a tug boat and now, as master of this sturdy craft, he no longer dodges the swift cruiser nor hides quickly at sight of a brassy revenue cutter.

One of the most bitterly-felt incidents of the old sealing days—the days that

are now no more—occurred in 1892 when five sealers were seized by the Russians despite the fact that in each instance they claimed to have been miles without the limit. Captain Balcom, now a prosperous official of one of the most successful whaling syndicates in the world, with headquarters in Victoria, was one of the skippers participating in this incident. He was skipper of the schooner Maria. The Vancouver Belle, a vessel which may yet be found among the fleet at Victoria, was also among the seizures. She was commanded by Captain Coppe, now master of a British tramp steamer. There were five of these schooners all told. They were seized by various Russian gunboats and taken to Petropaulofsky where they, with their masters and crews, were turned over to the Russian governor. The governor, a pompous nonentity, puffed up with pride and filled with a sense of his own dignity, threw every one of the captured seal hunters into a foul old log building formerly used as a garrison hen house. Prior to this their captors had robbed them of practically every stitch of their clothing and they were all but naked and most miserable. Seven kopecs a day was allowed them to procure food. On this allowance they would have starved beyond doubt had not some of the Russian women, moved by that sweet sympathy which is a feminine attribute the world over, taken pity upon them and surreptitiously supplied them with food.

For two weeks the seal hunters languished in this filthy hen house watching the Russians parading past attired in their stolen sweaters, rubber boots and other clothing. The governor and his henchmen took occasion to loot the schooners lying on the beach. The little signal guns from the schooner were taken to form ornaments at the entrance to the governor's residence; the vessels' lanterns were commandeered to light the official drive-way; in fact nothing of value was left. The only breaks in this horrible monotony were the occasions when the sealers were hauled into the Pompous Presence on some flimsy pretext to be further badgered and insulted. It was on one of these occasions, when the masters and crews—whites and Siwash Indians—were on parade before the governor that the sealers' lacerated feelings were somewhat salved by an incident that must always remain a striking feature of the famous hen-house episode. The governor never failed to attire himself in the greatest possible degree of gold braid and brass buttons with bright facings. The Siwashes, simple children of nature, were transported by the sight of this gorgeous person on the first occasion on which they were marshalled before him. Carried away by the sight, they broke through the guards and surrounded the governor, fingering the gold braid and gurgling with delight as they felt of the rich cloth. The governor, coward at heart as he was, almost fainted through fear before the soldiers could remove the Siwashes. Subsequent parades in the official presence were conducted without the Indians and were attended by less badgering of the seal hunters on the part of the governor.

At the expiration of the two weeks the governor, probably through official channels, began to realize that the Russian government would not tolerate the conduct he had been guilty of. Moreover, the two governments interested were making things lively for his superiors and eventually he made arrangements for the release of his prisoners. Even in this his mean spirit showed itself. He called Captain Coppe before him and presented to him the schooner Rosie Olsen, one of the captured vessels, on the understanding that Captain Coppe would take as many of the prisoners aboard as the schooner would hold. Accordingly no less than eighty half-starved, emaciated, almost naked seal hunters, whites and reds, crawled aboard the Rosie Olsen and Captain Coppe set sail for Victoria. Those who were left behind were finally sent home on board the bark Majestic. The stories they told of their treatment on the voyage did not reflect credit on the skipper of this bark. On arrival in Victoria he demanded $50 a head from the customs authorities as passage money and it afterwards transpired thta he had seized everything owned by

the seal hunters which the Russians had overlooked.

Year by year the schooners of the fleet, when sealing was in its prime in the North Pacific and the Arctic seas, added chapters to the romantic history of the trade. The hard work and the risks attracted remarkable men and these made remarkable stories. They knew and knew well that·

This is the Law of the Muscovite, that he prove with shot and steel,
When you come by his isles in the Smoky Seas you must not take the seal.

These men were willing to break the Muscovite's law when chance offered and to take what consequences came if they were caught. But the days of sealing romance are over. For fifteen long, delicious years the matkas will be safe and the little holluschickie will not be wanting for their milk nor left to starve on the barren rookery because their mothers fall prey to the ruthless slayers. For fifteen long years the harem masters will roar their challenges across the rookery grounds; the bachelors will group in the seal grass at the rear and they will live as nature bade them live in the beginning. There will be no drives, no clubbings, no ghastly peltless carcasses under the northern mist. And the derelicts below Point Ellice bridge will keep the secrets of the long ago. They will serve or wait as their masters bid them. Insignificant and rotting, they make a poor appearance. But mistake them not as did the young tourist. That vessel just below you as you stand on the bridge, can you say she was not the Acapulco or another of equal fame?

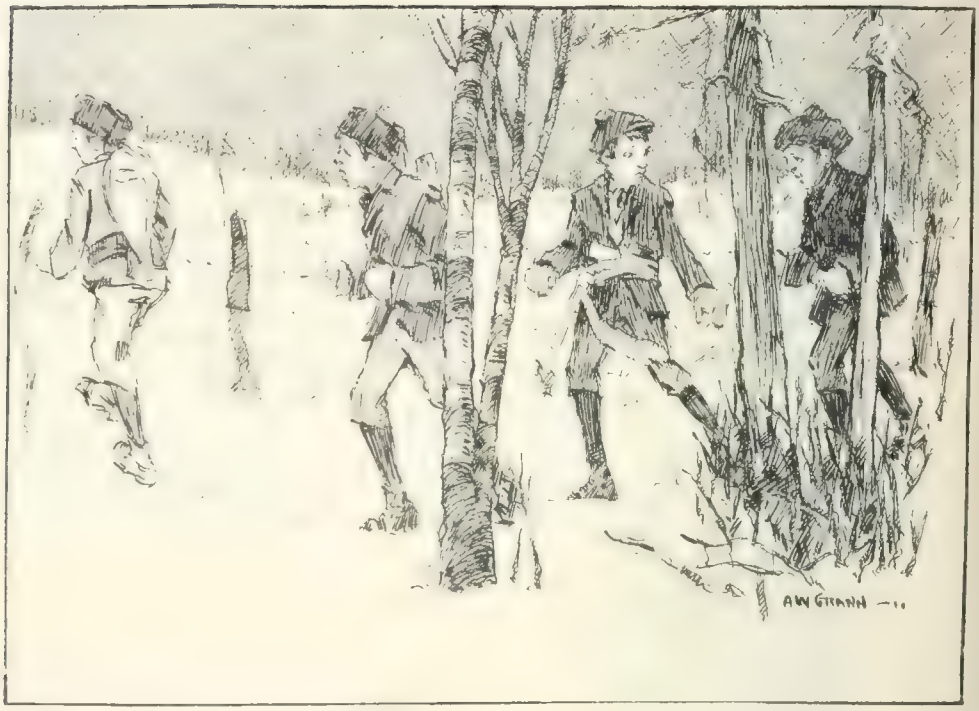
THE REBEL

BY W. B. HUME

(WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE)

DOWER'D with a heritage of brawn and brain,
A heart of fire, a pen of flame;
An eye to see beyond the form the man,
To tell the right, nor fail to note the sham;
A voice uplifted in the people's cause,
An Anglo-Saxon's heirdom; equal laws;
One man, one vote—free speech, free thought,
And all posts open, not bequeathed nor bought.

Such was Mackenzie. Wearied out, he fought
Still on—his country's weal his thought—
First in the forum, then at length the field;
Not ballots, bullets—tricked, perforce must yield—
And if he failed, his cause to triumph yet.
Shall we, his heirs, for whom he strove, forget?



"NEVER MIND THOSE FELLOWS BEHIND US," SAID HARRY. "ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS TO MAKE THE RAILROAD TRACK FIRST"

Spinal Maginnis, Processional Runner

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

SPINAL MAGINNIS, whose baptismal name Roderick Duncan, and clan name, MacPherson, had become obsolete at Galt School because of the superior fitness of his title acquired by gifted achievements in the abuse of the English language; Harry Freeman, known also as Caesar since he had established his unbroken and unchallenged record for regular daily punishment in the Caesar class; and Showinoff MacKenzie whose nickname needs no explanation, were on a half-holiday jaunt in late winter.

Thanks to Dr. Tassie's earnest, unflagging application of the tawse, they had finally come up through the second and the lower third to the upper third form, and had attained the dignity

of building their own wigwam unaided and unsupervised.

As they trotted in Indian file along the beaten path through the pine woods, their miniature lumbermen's axes stuck in their red sashes and their snowshoes clattering on their backs, the householder's sense of proprietorship warmed their hearts, and the world seemed very fair. There stood the wigwam, its tapering outline showing dim through the evergreens, built of lodge pole pine, so they said, and sheathed in a workmanly style with flexible cedar bark from the swamp nearby. The fire was lighted. How a whiff of pine smoke in the nostrils of an old Galt boy brings back memories of those glorious days when, nibbling wintergreen leaves picked at his own door, or toasting bread on a forked stick, he crouched low while the smoke slowly found its way to the simple hole made for it in the roof!

Spinal and Harry had resumed an argument which had been going on for some weeks as to the respective merits of their snowshoe ties. Spinal had adopted a complicated device which he claimed was the Caughnawaga Indian method, while Harry's was simplicity itself.

Showinoff had just arranged his buckskin thongs according to Harry's directions and agreed with him that it was the best way, which had caused Spinal to leave the wigwam in high dudgeon, muttering that his was the "aberrational" way, Harry calling after him that the definition of that word was "A wandering from the right way," when a dog barked. In a moment Spinal came back through the low doorway on all fours, whispering hoarsely and excitedly that the "Baikie apes are coming—a crowd of them; they didn't see me."

"This way," said Harry, carefully gathering up his snowshoes and axe, and opening the door of the woodshed. This was a small addition which had been built in the rear, with two neatly fitting doors.

The Baikie Apes had come along the footpath in single file, and they swarmed into the wigwam, where they were heard calling to those outside as the three in the woodshed were nervously tieing the last knots in their snowshoes. "Don't come in any more of you; there's no more room and the Tassie Apes are gone anyway. I don't see how they got out. I saw one going in. Here's a half bitten piece of toast and part of a loaf of bread, and an axe."

"Hand out the axe. Let's chop it down," those outside answered, and as a big fellow stepped out to the side to size up the best point of attack, Harry, Spinal and Showinoff were up and away over the deep snow, followed by blood curdling war cries and a floundering, ineffective pursuit.

The Baikies soon turned back and the Tassie Apes then taunted them with the hymn provided by tradition for such occasions:

> "Baikie ape, Baikie ape,
> How on earth did you escape?"

There were several opinions as to whether the reference was to the jail, the insane asylum, or the zoological gardens; but, whatever the meaning, it was always maddening in its effect.

Hurling back their time-honoured retort.

> "Tassie apes against the wall,
> A two-year-old can lick them all,"

the Baikies proceeded to wreak their vengeance on the wigwam, which was soon razed to the ground.

"And with my axe, too," mourned Spinal.

"Yes," said Harry; "that is the irony of fate."

"No; it is Warnock's best steel. I got it at the factory myself. And I should think," Spinal continued, "that the poor axe would feel terribly gangrened to be forced to perpetuate such vandalism. It is most exaggerating."

Harry and Showinoff had to lean against trees for support and Spinal was quite indignant that they should laugh at such a painful matter. But Harry soothed him by explaining that "gangrene" did really mean "mortification", which was Spinal's thought.

Meantime, their merriment had aroused the Baikies, who had done all the damage they could do to the wigwam, and, thinking that the laughter was at their expense, they raged and

shook their fists, while the Tassie apes expressed their contempt in the conventional deaf and dumb language used from time immemorial for that purpose. At last, goaded to fury, half-a-dozen of the biggest Baikies plunged after them, while the rest started running back by the trail.

"Never mind those fellows behind us," Harry said as they jogged easily along, "but we've got to make the railroad track where it crosses the stone road before the other crowd gets there."

Sure enough, if the Baikies made the crossing first, they would have the three in a trap on the railroad track, with the others coming up in the rear and a deep ditch on either side. The heading off party had a longer way around, but much quicker going on the beaten track. True, escape could be easily effected by turning back through the woods and reaching home by a circuitous route, but that would be a confession of weakness which would have been scorned by Porthos, Athos and Aramis, who were at that time their favorite heroes.

They gained the open fields without any damage to their snowshoes, and breathed a sigh of relief, for it had taken many an accident and many an hour's laborious splicing in younger days to teach them how to spring lightly over fallen trees and preserve the fragile supports through the uncertainties of woodland going, where the dangers were hidden by the snow.

The snow was deeper on the fields, but, with no hidden obstructions to hinder, the Baikies were making somewhat better progress, and a very game stern chase of it. Still, having no snowshoes, which they held in contempt together with all the works of the Tassie Apes, it looked as though no uneasiness need be felt on their account, and it was hard to see why they kept it up, unless, as Harry said, they expected to catch up when they gained the railroad. But, pshaw! that crossing simply must be made first, and then they might keep coming along in the rear all they want to.

There were two fences, the regulation rail fence of that country, and the boys went at the first one like old steeple chasers, each picking his place. Harry put his hands on the top rail and vaulted over lightly, coming down on his well-balanced snowshoes like a cat. Showinoff was not up to that, but had a clumsy way of lying across the fence and tumbling over, which he had learned how to do without a break-down. Spinal, who was accustomed to this way, must needs essay a vault and stumble, coming out of the mixup with one of his snowshoes dangling loose. With all his efforts, he could not insert his toe into the tangled thong.

"That's your aboriginal tie, Spinal; mine you can slip on again every time," Harry panted. "Untie them as quick as you can and wade on ahead while we straighten out these cat's cradles, and we'll watch the Baikies and catch up to you when we have your snowshoes ready."

The Baikies were stronger than Spinal and gained on him before his friends could disentangle the really ingenious complication of knots known as the Caughnawaga tie, which they fervently prayed they might never see again. By the time the thongs were straightened out, the Baikies had shortened the distance too much to allow safe time to get Spinal shod again. They were coming on in single file, taking short turns at leading, and so keeping a man always fresh for the heart-breaking work. Poor Spinal, who had it all to do alone, was almost played out.

"Lacrosse is the game," Harry cried, and, taking Spinal's snowshoe in both hands, he dug it through the crust, scooping up a mass of snow. Turning to the foremost Baikie, who was just reaching out to grab him, he gave him the shovel-full with all the swinging force of those overhand shots at goal which, later, gained Harry the position of first home on the school lacrosse team. Showinoff followed Harry's example as soon as he realized his plan, and by the time they had delivered a second avalanche each, the first three Baikies were tripped over one another and completely disabled with snow in their eyes, ears and mouths. Two

more shots, and the others had something to do to keep them busy for a minute or two. Then, running after Spinal for all they were worth, and each tieing on a shoe, they were all three off again before the discomfited enemy came up.

"Away! who overtakes us now will have thee for his pains," Harry sang out to Spinal.

The remaining fence was taken cleanly by all three. They gained the track, took off their snowshoes, and made for the stone road.

They reached the crossing just ahead of the main body of the Baikies who gave them a volley of snowballs and swept on in pursuit. A handsome sleigh was jingling and jangling along just ahead, and the boys, who were going faster, turned out to pass it. As they did so, Harry Freeman called to the fur-capped and gauntleted sports, "Hello, Miller! hello, Ryan!" It was indeed the great Baikie fighters of a former generation, though Harry, whose schooling had been a slow and laborious process, was the only one of the three who had been at Galt in their heroic days.

"Hello! youngster; giving the Baikie Apes a run for it, eh? Just drove over from Hamilton." And the demigod touched up his untiring steeds that he might keep up with the race. It never occurred to him that any Tassie boys could shun the chance of a fight with the Baikie Apes, even against such overwhelming odds, so he did not offer to rescue them in his sleigh—much to Showinoff's disgust.

By this time the sleigh had pulled ahead of pursued and pursuers and Ryan stood up to look back.

"Here!" he shouted, waving a bill in his hand; "I'll give five dollars to the winner—Tassie Ape or Baikie Ape. The Queen's Arms Hotel will be the finish."

The Baikies put on a great burst of speed, but the three kept their lead. Spinal's rangy frame seemed to be electrified with new motive power as he thought of how much grub a five dollar bill would buy. With second wind and a long, swinging moose-trot, he drew steadily away from the field and pulled up at the Queen's Arms abreast of the sleigh and a block ahead of the nearest runner. Harry and Showinoff were second and third, and the Baikies dispersed, as fighting in the town was not considered the correct thing.

Ryan said he had had his money's worth, and Spinal proceeded at once to get his. Cheese cakes and sausage rolls from Mrs. Knox's, taffy of all kinds, sugar sticks and bullseyes, lemon and sarsaparilla pop, canned lobster, salmon, oysters and sardines, red herrings and soda crackers from Mrs. Oates', taxed the strength and ingenuity of the three, but were safely smuggled up to the backroom and fitly celebrated Spinal's victory.

Determined not to be caught in a breakdown again, Spinal practiced vaulting and jumping on snowshoes diligently to the end of the season, and, under Harry Freeman's coaching showed a steady and marked improvement.

One morning, as the Caesar class was wrestling despairingly with a description of the building of a bridge and had about come to accept the theory advanced by Chummy Jones, after study the previous evening, that the astute commander had written his account purposely in unintelligible language in order to guard against the possibility of rivals imitating his achievment, the hall door opened and Dr. Tassie turned, with outstretched hand, to meet a tall, handsome, gray-moustached gentleman in an imposing fur coat.

"My guv'nor," Spinal whispered, assuming at once the rigid attitude of a soldier at attention.

"Roderick MacPherson, come here," Dr. Tassie called.

Mr. MacPherson had stopped off on his way to Winnipeg to take his son on the trip, and there was great excitement in the house when it became known that Spinal was to invite two companions to accompany him. Harry Freeman's and Showinoff's parents were telegraphed, and by night all three were snugly tucked in Pullman berths and speeding westward.

In the morning, the call, "breakfast

now ready in the dining car," struck a responsive chord in their breasts, and, after the Spartan fare of Mrs. Tassie's table, this first meal on the train was a wonder long to be remembered. The colored porter on the train, whom they christened "Gawge Wash'nt'n," proved a delight for a great part of the morning. Finally, they tired of asking questions and settled down to look out at the passing scenery and to read the books which their host had judiciously selected.

Nothing was too good for the boys. Arrived in Winnipeg, he insisted on rigging them out with white blanket suits, made to order on short notice at the Hudson's Bay Company's store, so that they might attend, in correct form, the meet of the Snowshoe Club, which came during the following week. "You can get the best possible idea there of the life of Winnipeg, which I don't believe can be matched as a man's town anywhere else in the world," he said.

It was noticeable on the streets that nine out of ten of the passersby were young men; "Simply a great big university," Mr. MacPherson described it.

The snowshoe meet was preceded by a tramp of several miles in the clear zero air. The club lined up in one long Indian file with a leader in front and a "whipper in" at the rear to care for stragglers.

The pace was made to suit the slowest, with a constant cry of "up-up" varied with rollicking choruses. Mr. MacPherson had no trouble keeping up. As for the boys, they ran here and there as much as was allowable without breaking ranks too much, took the fences in all possible ways, even to clearing the low ones in their stride where the snow had drifted, and became absolutely intoxicated with the ozone.

The tramp ended at Beauregard's hotel in the French town of St. Boniface, across the river from Winnipeg, where, after the exhilarating exercise, a frugal spread tasted better than the elaborate meals of the hotel. Supper was followed by songs, boxing, and other athletic contests and dancing, and the boys saw, for the first time, the Red River jig, imitated from the pirouetting of the prairie fowl, danced by graceful young natives of the country, whose peculiar, erect carriage and high cheek bones betokened a dash of Indian blood.

Next day Mr. MacPherson devoted to business, and the boys had to amuse themselves. Spinal suggested another snowshoe tramp and led the way to the western outskirts of the city, where there was a clear stretch of prairie for several miles with low wooded hills in the distance.

"That," he said, pointing ahead, "is the steeplechase course, and I am going to enter. It comes off the end of this week."

His companions, while accustomed to any extent of reckless cheek on Spinal's part, looked at him with speechless amazement.

"I tell you, I am," insisted Spinal. "I was talking to some of the fellows about it last night and they told me that the runners always crawl under the fences. They are barbed wire and look bad, but you know how we have learned to take fences at Galt, and these are no worse than any other fences of the same height. I'm going to try this one."

It was about breast-high, and Spinal, who had profited by Harry's teaching and example, vaulted it, bringing his snowshoes over with a good outward swing so that he landed cleanly and without entanglement.

"The next one is worse because it isn't so high," he said. "I'll jump that if I can only get used to it so that I won't be afraid of the barbs. If I can, you'll see me gain several yards at every low fence, and that will help to make up for the other fellows being faster."

Spinal was pretty well grown and had any amount of endurance, and there began to appear to be something in his madness. Taking off his blanket coat, he threw it over the top wire of the low fence to mark the height, and found he could clear it. Then he repeated the trial with only a mitten placed on the wire, and then made the other two accompany him on a jog

trot over the four-mile course, which finally convinced them that he was in earnest.

In the afternoon, a pair of light racing snowshoes was selected at the sporting goods store, and Harry suggested reinforcing the buckskin thongs with a leather strap and buckle on each snowshoe and a leather loop on each moccasin to pass the strap through. This was done quickly by a cobbler, and removed all anxiety as to the shoes coming off in the race. Then, again at Harry's suggestion, small strips of sheet lead were tacked to the heels of the snowshoes to make them sail true going over fences.

Spinal ran over the course once a day for the next two days, and then rested up for a day before the race.

The crowd that had assembled was an inspiring sight when they drove up to the starting point on the race day in a sleigh, which Mr. MacPherson hired for the occasion.

"Our hearts were away down in our moccasins," as Showinoff afterwards told the story to the back room, dilating on his new experiences with great pride. "Every fellow goes about in moccasins all winter there, and you never get your feet wet, the snow is so dry. But you get *mal a raquette* at first. No, of course you don't know what that means, living in Ontario. It means the malady of the snowshoe, or snowshoer's cramp. You get it from the unaccustomed strain on the instep from going about on your toes, as you naturally must when you discard heeled boots. After you get over it your instep is tough and strong and you have a gait a good deal like a cat. Of course, the city phase of the complaint is very mild compared to the real thing which a tenderfoot would contract if he went on a serious trip such as the H. B. Co. men take." Showinoff disclosed that this was quoted verbatim from the conversation of a Winnipeg civil engineer whom they had met. "But Harry and I both had it pretty severely for city fellows. Spinal seemed too tough to catch it.

"Let's see, I was telling you about the gallery, wasn't I? That's what it was. A regular moving gallery or grand stand. The whole town was out on Portage Avenue, which runs parallel with the course. They were there in sleighs and cutters, and the entire equipment of the Winnipeg Street Railway Company had been switched on to that street, as all the cars were on runners and could go anywhere. And the field was the prettiest thing you ever saw.

"The runners were stripping to their jerseys as we came up, and the colors of the best clubs in Canada were there. Cold? No, it was rather a mild day, clear as crystal and not much wind. It's a dry cold out there, you know, and you don't notice it,—not like the lake country where you get that wet cold wind that goes through your jersey. The jolliest evening I ever put in, I think, was one night when we got out with a lot of the Snowshoe Club fellows skylarking—changing signs and that sort of thing. The thermometer was 'way down, but we were fairly intoxicated with the air—absolutely that—not a drop to drink. It makes you feel like licking your weight in wild-cats.

"But, what was I talking about when you switched me off about the weather? Oh, yes; the colors of the runners. Donald MacGregor, the last year's winner, wore the red and black stripes of the Montreal Football Club, and a fellow was there in the Hamilton yellow and black jersey. Then, there were the dark and light blue of the Toronto Argonauts, the red and blue of the Winnipeg Rowing Club, the green of the Montreal Shamrocks and an Englishman lined up with a Harlequin jersey. The jersey looked great, and he was a good cross-country runner too; but, of course, he wasn't born a snowshoer. And I thought I saw McGill and Toronto 'Varsity men.

"But there wasn't time to take it all in, for I had to take care of Spinal's things, which he was shedding like a boy going in swimming. He jumped out of the cutter the minute we drove up, had his racing shoes buckled on in half a minute, peeled off his blanket coat and jacket, and flinging them to me he jogged over to the line. He

had a Montreal Snowshoe Club tuque, blue and red, dark blue Britannia jersey with large white B on the breast, white knickers and blue and white stockings. You know, Spinal always said he was going to join the Britannia Club when he left school and he had to get their jersey to run in.

"Last of all Dick MacKay, the half-breed, came sauntering up and toed the line without bothering to take off his pea jacket. They said he wouldn't train—off dancing the Red River jig every night—but he certainly knew how to handle his shoes. For style he would have been my choice, for he stepped along as though he had been born on snowshoes.

"It was too good-looking a field to keep away from, so we found a small boy to hold the horses in exchange for a seat in the sleigh through the race, and pushed through the crowd to the starting point.

"As they went off, the half-breed's black coat shot out ahead of the variegated mass of color. I found myself running alongside the pack before I knew it, and heard Donald McGregor say very quietly, 'Never mind Dick, young fellow, he can't last.'

"But right ahead was the highest fence of all, breast high, and I could see Spinal's idea when he broke away for it with all the speed there was in him. He wanted to get clear for a vault. He reached the fence first, picking a place by a post, and, with left hand on the top of the post, buckskin-gloved right grasping the barbed wire, went a trifle down on his toes and sailed over, his snowshoes flying out with a well-balanced sweep. McGregor had sprinted too, and as Spinal came down like a cat and started off in the lead, he cried out 'Great Scott!' and went at the fence like a boy who can't refuse a dare. He could vault in the gymnasium with any of them, they said, but this was different. He came down clumsily having never tried it on snowshoes, and broke one of the slender racing shoes hopelessly

"Wild with excitement at the thought that there might, after all, be a chance for Spinal to get a place, we all ran back to the sleigh and galloped the horses, part of the time in the ditches on either side of the road, until we were well up with the head of the procession.

"Spinal's 'tuque bleu' was still in the lead. He was jogging along easily, taking his fences in his stride and gaining a little at each fence. Then the moving crowd would give him a mighty cheer, for they had never seen the steeplechase run that way before, and it struck them as sportsmanly. The cheers seemed to lift him along at each fence and then the field would close up on him between fences. That's the way it was for the first two miles, several second-raters punishing themselves to keep up, and then Dick pushed easily up to second place, still crawling under his fences, but watching closely how Harry took them. Then the Argonaut and the Hamilton man had a hot one—not the first time for those colors either. They both outran Dick, and in their excitement went at one of the low fences together. The dark and light blue went over first, stumbled, and fell across the path of the yellow and black who tumbled all over him. The whole field raced past and they picked themselves up and seemed to have some run left in them after all. I suppose, with those colors, they must have finished out a private event of their own, though hopelessly distanced, but I lost track of them after that.

"Dick was jogging easily along, still crawling the fences, seeming to have made up his mind that jumping was a dangerous innovation. Spinal had disappeared in the coulee under the Canadian Pacific tracks. But when he came panting up the other bank and laboured along, loosening his belt as though he had a stitch in his side, Dick sprang into action. Peeling off his pea jacket as he ran, he gave it a mighty sling to one side and pulled himself together for the run of his life. He came out of the coulee fresher than Spinal and gained, field after field, more than he lost at the fences. Spinal had tightened up

his belt again and was going for all he was worth, but he didn't look as though he could keep it up.

"Only two fields more to go and he still had the lead, but Dick was gaining fast. Now he was right at Spinal's heels. One more fence, and Spinal, with a last final effort, cleared it, gaining several yards while Dick was getting through. Then came the mightiest cheer of all, and it lifted Spinal up and fairly blew him along until he found himself, he never knew how, stumbling through the doorway of Deer Lodge, barely six feet ahead of Dick. The terrific finish had left the rest of the field fairly distanced."

As they sat around a blazing log fire at Deer Lodge, happy in the consciousness of a good dinner, well eaten, Garry DeCourcey, honorary secretary of the Snowshoe Club, brought in the silver steeplechase cup and said to Spinal, "Please write your name in full on this card so that we may have it put on the cup. Then, if you can come up here and win it a second time, it will be yours to keep."

"THAT'S YOUR ABORIGINAL TIE, SPINAL," PANTED HARRY. "UNTIE THEM AND WADE ON AHEAD WHILE WE STRAIGHTEN OUT THESE CAT'S CRADLES."

Spinal had struck up a warm friendship with Dick Mackay. Son of a Hudson's Bay Co. chief factor. Dick had ranged the whole western country by canoe, by dog train or on horseback, and had even, as a boy, taken part in buffalo hunts. The "de'il ma' caur" of his Gaelic-Indian blend appealed irresistably to Spinal. So, when he noted Dick's name on the cup as it was passed around, he was inspired with a sudden resolution.

He whispered to Harry and added, "Do what I say or I'll lick you."

"Oh, I couldn't think of it, thank you!" he answered DeCourcey with evident dismay.

"Why not?"

"It's a question of illegibility."

"Pshaw! I'll write it if you tell me."

"No, that's not what I mean. I mean that I'm not illegible to run. I'm a processional runner."

"Oh, I say, old chap," the stalwart Englishman in the Harlequin football jersey chipped in; "isn't that rather rough? If it was a good deal of a procession, you shouldn't rub it in, you know."

"I didn't mean that at all," poor Spinal protested, almost in tears. "I meant that I ran for money once and am a processional. It was virtuously a snowshoe race, too, I can prove it by these fellows."

Harry had to explain that Spinal meant "virtually"—not that there was any special merit in taking the money, but the reverse.

"Only a schoolboy prank," was DeCourcey's decision when he heard the story, but Spinal insisted that if he was old enough to enter the steeplechase, he was old enough to be a "processional."

The two Galt boys corroborated the details, and Dick Mackay, who had won two years before, got the cup to keep, much to Spinal's satisfaction.

Spinal's action was so popular that the members of the Snowshoe Club "bounced" him—a ceremony somewhat similar to tossing in a blanket, which is a mark of great favor.

All the ancient pride of the Clan MacPherson shone out as Colonel MacPherson of the Fifth Royal Scots of Montreal patted his son on the back and said, "My boy, I am better pleased with your generous action than I would be to have you win fifty cups."

Some time after his return to Galt, Spinal received a note from DeCourcey stating that the St. George Snowshoe Club of Winnipeg, having elected him a life member, had considered it incumbent on them to take up the question of his amateur standing and had succeeded in securing his reinstatement by the Amateur Athletic Union.

"No more processional running for you, old boy," said Harry Freeman, who was training hard to give Spinal the race of his life in the spring hare and hounds chase.

SUNSET AT HYÈRES

BY T. D. J. FARMER

Where Alpine foothills meet the sapphire blue
Of that Algerian tempered classic sea,
Whose triremes once made Roman history,
Where violets mirror deep their wondrous hue
In the cerulean arch above and strew
Over whole fields their perfumed purity,
And wall and edge form one rosary
Of bloom perennial, ever fresh and new,
High up one evening 'mid a crimson calm
I stood and viewed below a scene as fair
Of flower and sea and olive grove and palm
As dreams are made of, while upon the air
From Costebelle's grey tower her vesper psalm
Breathed its soft benediction over Hyeres.

THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE SURVEY PARTY ANGLING ALONG A RIDGE

Lining Up The Fence

By Aubrey Fullerton

Illustrated with Photographs

THE United States and Canada, neighbors for more than three thousand miles in a continent-wide stretch, have never been quite sure about their dividing lines; or, in western terms, Uncle Sam and Johnny Canuck have never known just where the fence should run between their farms. They know where their main line fence is, and they have marked out an international boundary even through the Great Lakes; but away up in the corner, where Alaska and Yukon territories lie side by side, there is still uncertainty. Theoretically, of course, it has been settled. They talked it all over some years ago and in 1903 came to final terms, duly signed and sealed. But what the legalists settled on paper the surveyors have not yet succeeded in settling on a practical, scientific basis; and so

no one knows where this part of the United States—Canada fence line really is. It is in the marking-out process now.

Since both governments were parties to the boundary treaty and are both concerned in the carrying out of its provisions, they have together undertaken the work of finding the line. For six years now Canada and the United States have sent engineering experts to their far-north corner, with orders to survey every foot of the boundary from Portland Canal to the Arctic Ocean. It's a big job. From where Alaska begins, at Portland Canal, to Mount St. Elias, the boundary has now been located and, with all its windings, is on official record. This part of the line, delimiting a strip of coast country about thirty miles wide, was determined by a number of conspicuous peaks, and thus, as the map shows, it is incurably crooked. But north of Mount St. Elias, so the treaty says, the boundary follows the 141st meridian, straight to the Arctic. The finding of that straight line is a harder piece of work than the adjusting of the crooked lines further south, and it is the as yet unknown part of the international boundary. When it is finally and fully determined the two big North American neighbors will know for sure where their respective farms begin and end.

There is still another four years' work, or more. From three to six parties are in the field each summer, and, that the idea of international comity may be duly observed, American and Canadian parties work in conjunction and usually exchange attaches. The parties vary in size: sometimes as few as eight or ten men, and in the more difficult places as many as thirty or forty men. Their composition is determined chiefly at Washington and Ottawa, the respective Departments sending as leaders men who are known to be skilled in the topographical arts. Occasionally a college man is included, as for instance, Professor O. M. Leland of Cornell University, who headed one of the parties a year or two ago. The rank and file of the men—the handy-men of the camp—are picked up at Seattle and Vancouver. From these coast ports the boundary hunters set out in May of each year, with big outfits, and at some time during that or the next month they begin their actual season's work in the mountain wilderness of the North. In late September or October they pull out again. As the work advances northward the season is, of necessity, still further shortened, more time being required for getting in and out. Always, even in the most southern district, the transportation of supplies is a serious problem. When working east of Fort Wrangel the surveyors were two months in getting to the scene of operations, only fifty miles from the coast. It is now proposed, however, to overcome the difficulty by wintering one or two parties in the far North, who will thus be able to work late into the autumn and begin again early in the spring. As the work this year and next will be within the Arctic Circle, north of Porcupine River, the wisdom of such a plan is apparent.

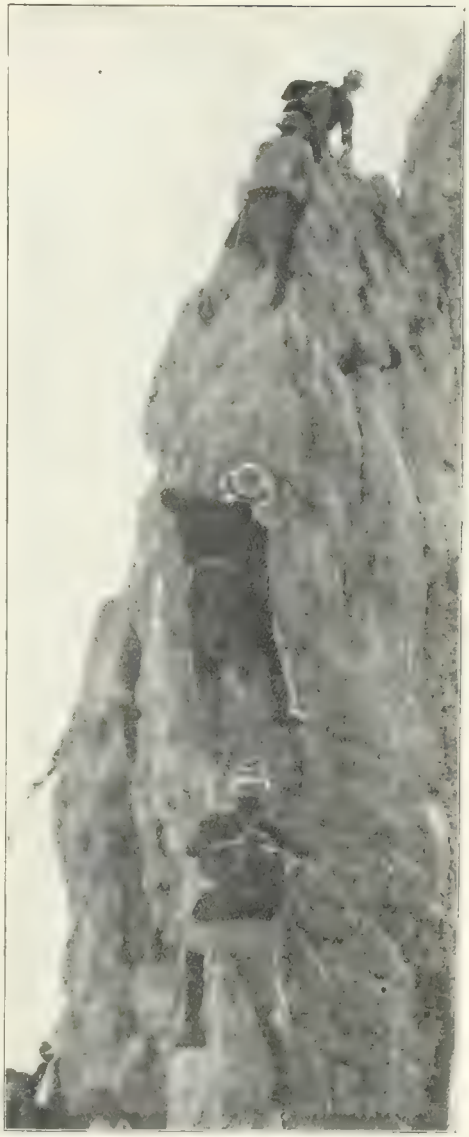
The cost of all this work, covering ten years or more by the time it is completed, is being shared by the two Governments. Congress made an appropriation of $100,000 for the work of 1910, and the Secretary of State asked for twice that amount last season.

From Mount St. Elias to the coast of the Arctic is, by the beeline route of the 141st, about six hundred miles. One half of this distance has been surveyed, though with some sections not yet completed. If fortune is favorable, an average party will establish fifty or sixty miles in a season, but this is altogether dependent upon the character of the country, which, if particularly rough, will make half or one-third of that number of miles a good four months' work. Very much depends, too, upon the weather. They have as great climatic variety in the far North as elsewhere, and the elements are sometimes very tricky. During the season of 1910 the boundary men worked almost daily in a more or less heavy downfall of rain, and naturally it was neither speedy nor com-

fortable. Moreover, as everyone knows, the northern mountain country is subject to violent storms of various other kinds, and fine weather, in high altitudes, cannot be depended upon for long at a time. Fortunately, some of the other inconveniences of the wilderness are absent: the high altitude, for instance, puts the boundary hunters out of reach by flies and mosquitoes, which are the bane of the ordinary surveyors and woodsmen.

The actual work of boundary survey is a combination of mathematics and physical exercise. A clear head and an active body are prime essentials—to say nothing of a good temper. There is always enough to do. To locate the line, which is the scientific side, and having located it, to mark it, is the double task. The calculations are made by the heliotrope method, and the latitude, longitude, and altitude of all permanent points along the line are ascertained by a careful system of triangular cone. As the sides of the triangles are often several miles long, large signals must be used. They are built in pyramid-shaped frames about twelve feet high; a pole is run through the apex of the pyramid, and on this pole are tacked signal flags of white and black cloth. The upper part of the frame is also covered with alternate bands of white and black, which are easily discernible through the telescopes of the instruments. The surveys, of course, must be absolutely exact, and all the observations are carefully checked. An elaborate system of notes and maps, covering the adjacent country for two miles on either side, is also in vogue.

Following close upon the surveyors come the markers. The line is marked in three ways—by monuments, by cutting out the vista, and by ascertaining the exact position of turning points or angles. The monuments are placed along the line at all conspicuous points, such as the banks of rivers, the crossing of trails, and the summits of ridges or mountain spurs that happen to be on the line. They are of aluminum bronze, in two sizes. The large ones are five feet high, tapering to the top, and weighing about



IT IS GOOD EXERCISE FOR THE NERVES AND MUSCLES, BUT IT PALLS ON ONE

275 pounds. They are placed at the more important points, and at the minor or harder-to-get-at points the smaller ones are used. These are more portable, weighing about fifty pounds; they are of the same material, but are hollow cones three feet high. Both the large and small monuments are set into beds of concrete or in holes drilled in the solid rock—once set they are meant to stay.

Cutting out the vista is the axeman's

part of the work. Wherever the line passes through timber a twenty-foot skyline is cut, ten feet on each side, making it literally an international right-of-way through the woods. It is the blazed trail of the Alaska-Yukon border.

In a general way this is what boundary finding and marking involves. But there are many incidentals. For instance, there is the passage of rivers, the crossing of swamps, the climbing of mountains, and the getting over or around of risky glaciers. If the other is the scientific, this is the adventurous side of the work. Mountain peaks are legion, and many of them are eight and ten thousand feet high, snow-capped and ugly. Hill climbing is becoming a popular diversion in other parts of the coast ranges, but here it is stern toil, born of necessity, not pleasure. Scaling the glaciers is worse. All the perils that we read about in the Alpine travel books are before the boundary hunters every day. They rope themselves together, for safety's sake, and with great care to their steps climb up and over mountain walls, ice fields, and perpetual snowbanks, lugging their instruments and supplies with them. It is good exercise for nerves and muscles, but it palls. The whole region is one of mighty solitude, where nature is at its hardest and roughest. Were it not for the urgency of having our international fence-line fully determined it would be a waste of energy to climb so much in so tough a country and in places where man's footsteps have never been before.

A part of the 141st line is, in fact, impassable. Eighty miles north of Mount St. Elias is a stretch of about thirty miles that is absolutely the limit, and beyond, of human feet. It is a region of impenetrable wildness, where high peaks are tumbled about in every direction, capped with wicked glaciers. The boundary men soon found that it was beyond their reach, and they are leaving it for the meantime, till they have finished the rest. But it is not at all likely that they will acknowledge themselves permanently beaten. They will make it their north pole and, sooner or later, will find ways and means of getting into and through it; indeed, they are already proposing to try the airship method, believing that in a few years' time the secret of aerial travelling will be sufficiently mastered to make such an attempt practicable.

Considering the difficulties of the work, there have been few serious accidents. Early last season, while his party were climbing a snow-capped peak, one of the Canadian surveyors was caught by a breaking ledge of ice and snow and thrown to his death over a thousand-foot precipice. Good nerve, careful stepping, and a kind Providence, however, bring the boundary hunters through most of their experiences no worse than tired and torn, though very often on narrow margins. In 1906 a party of United States surveyors escaped destruction by only a few feet. On their way up the Alsek River they one day stopped for lunch at the base of a cliff that forms one side of a long canyon. They did not know until afterward that rocks are constantly falling from this cliff, which is 1,500 feet high. While they were eating, a huge boulder came down straight over their heads and hit one of their canoes, smashing it into fragments. Lunch was called off.

The swift-flowing rivers of the North have also been responsible for many uncomfortable experiences.. A summer thaw up in the hills frequently swells these streams to dangerous proportions. One of the parties in camp a few years ago on a tributary of the Taku River were compelled to hurriedly move to a higher location because in eight hours the river rose twenty-two feet.

Three men went out in a canoe to a bar in the Alsek River to take photographs for a map of the surrounding mountains. They beached their canoe; the river rose a few hours later and carried it away; and the three survey men were stranded, thirty miles from camp, not a human being nearer, and without shelter, food, or clothing. On the second day they made a small driftwood raft, and the lightest man of the three set out on it in hopes of reaching shore. For-

tunately the current carried him the the way he wanted to go, and after wading for the last fifty feet in ice-cold water he landed safely. At the site of an old camp, where they had stopped some days before, he found a piece of bacon rind and some coffee grounds. With such strength as this poor nourishment gave him he wearily tramped thirty miles to camp, climbing several mountains and glaciers on the way. When his comrades were finally rescued they had been on the bar for three days and nights.

There are live perils, too, in the form of bears and wolves. The latter were very troublesome to one of the parties last season and delayed their work considerably. Three years ago one of the Canadian men shot and wounded a grizzly bear away up on a mountain side. The grizzly got mad about it and made chase, and the surveyor took to safety by sliding down a glacier, with the bear after him. Ever since he has been known as "Grizzly" Bates.

So it would seem that there is as much adventure and excitement. to say nothing of physical danger, in this search for a boundary line as in the usual Arctic exploration. It is fairly safe to say that it is the hardest piece of fence making that the world has ever seen.

For the next year or two the survey will run through open rolling country north of the Porcupine River. Then as the Arctic is approached majestic mountains rise again, and no one knows yet just how hard the last stretch of this international boundary hunt is going to be.

THE FLAME TO THE MOTH

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

THIS is mine anguish—long I lured men's souls
Into abysmal torments of mine eyes.
They saw my falseness clear of all disguise,
And yet sped to me over living coals.

And now—oh, grief!—to winged things of the air,
I shine a baleful earth-star. In my light
That draws them to me through the sultry night
They die, with the long hours, in my despair.

Oh silvery sheen'd flutterer! Till the breath
Of one most merciful my penance ends
Your nightly struggle all my being rends;
Yet must I beckon—I, who am Soul's Death!

With Aviator No. 6 by H. M. Egbert

SYNOPSIS.

Anne Ives, an adventurous Winnipeg school-teacher and daughter of the disinherited son of the Comte d'Yves of Clichy, goes to the Coronation, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of one Leopold Magniff, the reprobate son of a Paris banker. The elder Magniff, who is an enemy of Anne Ives' grandfather, has in his possession certain bonds bequeathed to Anne by her father. The younger Magniff, ignorant of her identity, reveals to her his scheme to get the bonds from his father, and is defied by her. She attends an aviation meet near London and impulsively makes a flight with a mysterious bird-man, "Aviator No. 6," in his monoplane. At the Coronation she meets her bird-man again, and learns that he is her cousin, Chevalier Charles d'Yves, in England with her grandfather on an important diplomatic mission. While attending the Coronation she is robbed of her purse containing her key to the vault containing her bonds. She borrows money and goes to Paris to recover them from the elder Magniff, to whom she reveals his son's plot. He finally offers her 50,000 francs for her bonds, payable in three weeks, which she accepts. The Comte d'Yves and the Chevalier visit her, thinking her a spy. She reveals their relationship, the Chevalier tells her he loves her, and she goes to Clichy as his fiancee. The elder Magniff holds a spite mortgage on Clichy, interest on which falls due in a few days. As they cannot meet it, Clichy must be sacrificed. On the appointed day the younger Magniff comes to take possession of Clichy, and renews his pursuit of Anne, who finds a way to meet the interest and foil Magniff's vengeance. Charles and Anne are formally betrothed and get her bonds from the elder Magniff's safe. Among them is the draft of an important treaty stolen from Charles in London, and both he and Anne are thrown into prison as traitors. Magniff brings Madame Zeuxis, wife of his son's confederate, to testify to Anne's guilt, but instead she testifies that the younger Magniff and her husband stole the treaty, intending to throw the guilt on the Chevalier. Anne forces the elder Magniff to obtain her release and determines to fly to Corsica in Charles's aeroplane to bring back Zeuxis and by his evidence free the Chevalier. After a long and arduous flight, she reaches Scouto, and finds Zeuxis, who is completely crushed at the sight of her. She demands his return, and he hesitates.

CHAPTER X.—Continued

"Suppose I promised you an amnesty," I hazarded. "If I tell you that you will not be molested—would you be willing to return to Paris with me and to give evidence which will save the Chevalier d'Yves from a shameful conviction?"

He peered at me as if not understanding, or suspecting treachery

"Will you come back with me tomorrow in the aeroplane?" I continued.

Zeuxis uttered a scream.

"The aeroplane?" he cried. "Never! I should die of terror. I would go, perhaps, in a ship—if I were offered money enough," he said, watching me greedily.

I had been noticing that his eyes continually strayed toward a small chest which rested in a far corner of the room. It was evidently no part of the original furnishings, being comparatively new, while those were black with age; and from the manner in which the Greek's glance had repeatedly fallen on it I formed a conclusion.

"Zeuxis," I said briskly, "go over to that chest and bring me my bonds.

He started and leaped suddenly upon his feet.

"Mademoiselle, I have not your bonds," he stammered. "There is nothing there but carpenter's tools. I swear to you——"

I rose and strode over to the chest. The lid was locked.

"Come, open it," I said.

"Mademoiselle, I swear to you, by St. Christopher——"

"Then," I replied, "God pity you, for within four and twenty hours a French warship will be en route to Scouto."

"No, I will open it," he cried, in panic at my words. "But you will see that there is nothing there——"

He was fumbling in his pocket for the key. At my insistence he crossed the room, fitted the key and turned the tongue of the lock willingly. I looked inside. There was nothing there but carpenters' tools.

I took out an adze, a saw, and a hammer—a curiously fashioned hammer, for the haft was much too large for the head, and had evidently been fitted recently. I tapped it hard upon the floor and it flew off across the room, exposing a hollow space that ran clear through to the point of the handle. Inside were some papers, tightly rolled. I drew them forth with difficulty and glanced at them.

For the first time I held my cherished bonds, the cause of so many tribulations

Meanwhile Zeuxis had stood watching me with an expression of the utmost discomfiture. As I drew forth the papers he fell upon his knees and clasped my hands.

"Yes, they are yours," he pleaded. "Take them! Take them as the price of my liberty, Mademoiselle, and leave me. I have been harassed and persecuted for the sake of them; and what am I now? Once I roamed the boulevards a free man, rattling the money in my pockets—now I am a wretched fugitive, hunted like a fox, and all because I was overpersuaded by an unscrupulous rascal. Take them as the price of my liberty and go. Go, go, go, go!"

He repeated the word in a crescendo of wrath and fear. I drew back and looked down at him steadily.

"The price of your liberty is your evidence in Paris," I answered, and I saw his face turn green by the candle light.

Suddenly a compelling instinct made me turn my head. Behind me was the woman; she had emerged silently from the inner room and now stood over me, in the attitude of an avenging fury, as though about to strike. I sprang on her and twisted the arm that she concealed behind her back. A small knife, keen as a razor, clattered to the floor.

As I confronted her she broke into a torrent of furious words, incomprehensible to me, with frantic gesticulations.

At that moment there came a loud knocking at the street door, and without waiting for admittance a man, attired in the cassock of a priest, entered unceremoniously and advanced toward us. His keen eyes seemed to take in everything. Calm, benignant and authoritative, he advanced toward us, a dominating presence, and raised his hand solemnly. Zeuxis and the woman fell upon their knees. For awhile he spoke with them in Italian, in words which I could not follow. A few sharp, expostulating phrases broke from the woman's lips. Presently she began weeping noisily.

Then the priest turned to me and addressed me in bad French which came from his lips haltingly.

"My daughter," he began, "you have heard it said that 'the wages of sin is death'. Your husband has sinned against you grievously, and, had he died, he would assuredly have suffered that death of the soul which is the penalty for all who are cut off from the ministrations of the Church. But now, since he repents, I bid you take him back and pardon him."

My husband! Zeuxis? I was too astounded to utter a word. The priest resumed:

"Those ignorant peasants think you are an immortal. But I am a scientist and I know that you have flown from France in one of the new air-ships to win back the vagrant love of the man with whom you plighted your troth. Marriage is a sacrament, my daughter; it cannot be dissolved this side of the

grave. Mademoiselle Torlando has consented to relinquish him to you. Forgive him; he will return to France with you. Or, if he refuse——"

He spoke in Italian again and seemed to thunder forth some terrible anathema. The woman bowed her head and wept wildly.

I understood then. The good priest, knowing that Zeuxis had abandoned his lawful wife in France, imagined that I was she, and that the purport of my visit had been to win back the rascal's love.

Indignation overpowered me; then the humor of the situation came to my aid and saved me.

"You agree to accompany me?" I asked the Greek.

"Yes, yes," he muttered hastily. "But not in the aeroplane."

"And that will not be necessary," the priest replied, "for a yacht has just arrived in the harbor from Marseilles, and doubtless passage can be procured on it. I will recommend you," he added confidently.

As he turned to comfort the weeping woman I whispered to Zeuxis hastily:

"You will come, then? Remember, the Government guarantees you an amnesty, provided you give evidence. But you must tell all."

Zeuxis clenched his fists. "Aye, I will come," he muttered back. "And then—I shall seek out my enemy and with my knife—" He stopped to gather his thoughts. "On the yacht—yes, but not in the aeroplane," he concluded.

A roar of voices, rising and falling on the wind, interrupted his soliloquy. We started and looked through the open door. The cries grew louder, and suddenly a mob of men came running along the narrow street, gesticulating and cursing. They swerved toward us with a single motion, as a school of fish that veer in deep water, and, forcing the priest, who sought to bar the path, aside, burst into the cottage and surrounded us. And at their head was—Leopold Magniff !

Yes, that arch-traitor, to frustrate whose machinations I had made my perilous passage in the aeroplane—and here in Corsica ! Doubtless he had arrived in the yacht which, as the priest had told me, lay in the harbor. He must have learned of my movements from the newspapers and, shrewdly surmising the object of my journey, had chartered a vessel at Marseilles and sailed to forestall me.

But this conclusion was the result of subsequent cogitations; for at the moment seeing him there, I was overcome with horror and dread. At the very moment of victory he had circumvented me, raised the peasants against me, cutting off all chance of rescue. They thrust their faces in mine, baying me like a pack of hungry wolves.

"Ah, Madame, do not look round and think of your aeroplane," said Leopold mockingly. "It is destroyed; it lies, a heap of broken metal and wood, in the center of our market place." He turned to the priest. "I demand possession of my lawful wife," he cried, and flung a forged marriage certificate upon the broken table.

The good father glanced at it and, involuntarily, shrank back from me. He looked at me with trembling lips.

"It is false!" I shouted defiantly.

The priest made as if to speak; then, abandoning the effort, which proved beyond his power, turned away, muttering to himself and wringing his hands. I must, indeed, have appeared very much married to his eyes. What an abandoned monster of wickedness I seemed to the good man!

I understood now the frenzy of these good peasants against me. The runaway wife is not an object of sympathy in rural districts.

Leopold came to me with a sneer, pushing aside the men who stood in his way.

"Madame," he said, mockingly, "come! Our yacht lies in the harbor."

I looked round in desperation to see if aid would come from any quarter. I looked at the priest, but he was making his way sorrowfully toward the door. Zeuxis, cowed by this sudden appearance of his erstwhile confederate, had sunk to the floor and stared at him with a mixture of hate and terror. And all round me the peasants glared at me, waiting upon Leopold's word to tear me limb from limb, if he so ordered.

I HEARD THE VOICE OF LEOPOLD, COOL, CALM, PENETRATING, AND THEN THE VOICE OF THE GREEK AS HE RAGED ABOVE HIM

"Will you come quietly, Madame Magniff?" continued the fellow, "or shall these citizens carry you to our yacht?"

I shrugged my shoulders, and, since there was nothing else to be done, moved at his side toward the door. Only, as I did so, with a swift movement which escaped his notice, I thrust the rolled up bonds into the bosom of my gown. I do not think, to do the man some justice, that he thought of them then. I alone held the stage, and the triumph of possession had driven all lesser thoughts away.

He stepped down the long street beside me, the peasants keeping guard around. In the market place, as we passed on our way to the wharf, I saw the fragments of the aeroplane, and for the first time moisture dimmed my eyes. So ended all my hopes of saving Charles. Leopold had played his cards better than I and had conquered. Now there was nothing to do but——

At any rate, if the worst came, I would choose death rather than life with him. That was a comforting thought. I had been betrothed to Charles; nothing could remove that fact nor anyone usurp his place.

A tiny yacht, which was under steam, was moored to a little pier in the harbor. At the pier end my guard left me and we were received by three figures, ruffianly seafarers attired in picturesque tatters, evidently a bodyguard of my abductor, who watched me with impassive faces. I scanned them quickly. I read no hope in them. Had they been Frenchmen I would have thrown myself upon their mercy even then—but they were ugly-looking Levantines, the scum of the Mediterranean ports, and obviously beyond scruple. Whether my story were true or false mattered nothing to them; they had their pay; that was their end; no chivalry perplexed their souls.

They closed closely around me and indicated that I should descend to a small cabin amidships. The hold looked dark and uninviting; my heart pounded as terror swept over me, and I hesitated upon the topmost step. My abductor indicated the way.

"Have no fear, Mademoiselle," he said suavely. "These men obey my slightest word. Descend!"

I followed him in silence down the stairway and into the cabin. Then I breathed more freely again, for I could see the tumbling waters through the port-holes, and the room, lighted by electricity, was well-furnished and comfortable, while the ruffians halted at the door. Clearly I need apprehend no physical injury.

"Be seated, Mademoiselle," said Magniff, indicating a chair.

I made no answer but stood by the table facing him. He shrugged his shoulders and, sitting down in an armchair, lighted a gold-tipped cigarette.

"Those scoundrels speak no French," he said, indicating our impassive spectators. "But they are absolutely at my beck and call. All hope of safety by appealing to them, therefore, is merely foolish."

I drummed my fingers upon the table idly. Up on deck I heard a creaking, groaning sound.

"The windlass," said Leopold, following my thoughts. "They are hauling in the cable. To-night we anchor half a mile out at sea; therefore all hope of rescue from the shore is actually a chimera."

"Well," I said, breaking silence for the first time, "what is it you want of me?"

"I want you alone, dear Anne," said Leopold, smirking odiously. "When the news of your gallant flight from Paris reached me it only increased the ardor of my love for you. You see, your cause is absolutely hopeless. Consent to marry me and I shall forgive everything."

"You—forgive!" I answered contemptuously.

I saw him wince through the cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Yes, my dear Anne," he repeated, "I shall forgive you even for the taunts you uttered to me at Clichy, for I know that, once you have transferred your allegiance to me, you will honor me as much as the traitor Charles, who, by the way, will be convicted on Monday morning, if he is not first lynched by an indignant populace. Marry me, Anne, and we will spend our honey-

moon abroad, cruising the deep together. Nothing can save your lover. Dismiss all thoughts of him. You will be kept a prisoner in this cage until you consent to be my wife."

Leopold rose from his chair and came toward me, greatly agitated.

"O, Anne," he cried, catching at my hands, which I withdrew from the contamination of his touch, "why will you not be reasonable? Has the Chevalier been as loyal to you as I, loved you as faithfully? I loved you from that moment when first I saw you on board the ship in New York harbor. All that I have done has been for you. Forget him, Anne, and be my wife. I will be true to you forever. If it is money," he added, ending his impassioned plea, "I have become reconciled with my father. I shall be his sole heir. We shall have millions; each wish of yours shall be gratified. You—you——"

"Let me answer you once and for all time," I replied, in tones scarcely audible, so intense was my agitation. "I would rather die a thousand deaths by torture than bear the contamination of your presence. I loathe you as I might loathe a venomous snake. You are the incarnation of all evil. You talk of love," I cried hysterically—"why, you do not know even love's alphabet. Love is noble; it begets sacrifice and selfforgetfulness and innocence. You can love no more than a toad can know beauty. These are my last words to you, whatever tyrannies and treacheries you may devise."

He staggered backward, and I felt, spite of all, a momentary pang of pity at the extremity of his anguish. For in some strange, warped way, this man did love me, I knew. I had always felt that he did, and it had never wholly closed my heart against compassion for him.

In a moment Leopold had recovered his self-possession. He uttered a few curt words to the guards in some Mediterranean dialect. They advanced and indicated by signs that I should follow them. I was conducted into a little cabin in the fore part of the ship, the door was locked on me and I was alone.

As I stood there in my desolation I felt the vessel begin to move through the water. Leopold was fulfilling his threat. We cast our anchor half a mile at sea. Through the port-hole I saw sunset faintly mirrored in the dark waves like a pale reflection of the cold misery in my own breast.

CHAPTER XI

THE ULTIMATE APPEAL

In which I snatch success out of the jaws of failure.

We lay at anchor half a mile outside the bay. All was silent aboard the yacht, save the monotonous tramp of the guard on deck above my cabin. My watch marked six o'clock in the afternoon and this was Wednesday. Five days remained—only five days of grace, and on the Monday Charles would stand condemned, while I was powerless to save him. I pictured him in his dungeon in the Paris fortress, ignorant of my whereabouts; I wept to think that my desperate flight to Corsica to procure the only witness who could deliver him had ended in my ignominious capture. Yet unless deliverance came from some unguessed-at quarter, hope must be abandoned.

I dared not go to bed but paced my tiny cabin in feverish despair. Outside, through the closed porthole, the sea tumbled in rising waves, and the yacht rocked and pitched as she strained at her anchor. So heart-weary was I, so hopeless, that my fatigue induced a period of merciful unconsciousness into which I glided by imperceptible degrees, to be tortured by nightmares. Now I was in Paris again, watching the condemnation of Charles. One by one the military judges arose and announced their verdict—guilty. I saw him led forth to the parade ground, to be stripped of his uniform, to have his buttons and epaulets torn from him and his sword broken, while outside the barriers a mob howled for his death. The intensity of my despair awoke me.

What was that low tapping upon the pane of the porthole?

I was upon my feet now, fully awake, staring with incredulity through the

dull, rounded glass, at a small boat that rocked perilously beside the yacht. I listened; the tramp on deck had ceased. The sentinel was gone, or sleeping upon watch. The tapping came again, and, looking out, I perceived the Greek Zeuxis, with a companion, seated in the little boat.

I strained at the porthole fastenings with all my strength. The rusty catch slid back and admitted the fresh night air. The head of Zeuxis was upon a level with my own.

Then I knew that his words had not been vain; he had come to settle his score with my captor, Magniff. There was no need of words; we both understood. I opened the porthole to its fullest extent. It was just wide enough to admit of the Greek's passage.

He stood up in the rocking boat, clung to the exterior of the orifice with both his hands, and then, heedless of the swaying of the boat, which rose and fell beneath him, raised himself and thrust his head and shoulders within. He caught at my too willing hands; a moment later and he had wriggled through and stood up on the floor of my cabin. He looked back, nodded, and the boat pulled slowly away. He had cut off his retreat, the single avenue of flight.

In his teeth was the sharp knife that I had seen him flourish in the cottage. I knew the mad determination which inspired him, the hate which had transformed the cringing coward into a hero. I knew the deadly purpose for whose accomplishment he had armed himself with that razor-keen blade. But now, with Charles's liberty at stake, and hope clutching me by the throat, what was the life of Leopold Magniff to me? Should I not in duty let loose this assassin upon the man who had shown me no quarter?

While I was struggling thus between two motives Zeuxis, still without a word, had crept like a cat to the locked door of the cabin. He wrenched at it; then, with a smile at the pitiful weakness of that defense which had seemed insuperable to me, he inserted the thin blade of the knife into the lock and forced back the tongue. A moment later and he had disappeared from sight, leaving me tremulous with alternating terror and hope. I heard his footsteps die away upon the carpeted floor without. I heard Leopold's voice, cool, calm, penetrating, and the voice of the Greek as he raged above him, pouring forth a torrent of accusations, threats, and objurgations. Then came a rush of quick footsteps, the crash of a falling deck-chair, and I pressed my fingers tightly to my ears.

Yes, but I could not shut out that awful cry that followed. I heard racing below, shouting and struggling, the slamming of doors. Oaths, maledictions, blows came to my ears faintly as I cowered there; the sound of falling bodies—and then a more intense and still more awful silence. I dared not stir.

That silence, that complete absence of sound, was far more terrible to me than had been the sounds and the shouting. Nothing occurred. There was no murmur in the air. I took my fingers from my ears, and, sitting up, waited. At last, hours later, it seemed to me, I heard the slow, uncertain tread of heavy footsteps without. A finger appeared round the door, groping uncertainly; a hand followed it, an arm—and Leopold Magniff entered and stood before me, his face convulsed with pain, yet wearing the semblance of a ghastly smile.

Blood dripped from his arms and breast, and there was a deep slash across his face and throat. He stood there, holding for support against the lintel, and, regarding me silently, he continued smiling. When at last he spoke his voice seemed hollow as a spectre's.

"See what you have brought me to, Anne," was all he said.

I came to my senses then. I rose to staunch the blood, to bind his wounds; but he waved me aside, and then, as though his sight failed him, he groped uncertainly for me and found my arms.

"Take me back to my cabin, Anne," he whispered. "I think I'm going to die."

Summoning all my fortitude I placed my arm round him. His grasp upon my shoulder made me wince. Slowly,

with staggering steps, I led him along the passage way toward his room, outside which a group of sailors clustered, terror-stricken, staring foolishly at one another and at us. One had a long cut across his hand; another a blood-stained head-bandage. And on the stairs that led up to the deck dead men were lying, hideously hacked and maimed. I looked into the face of the one nearest me. In those livid and twisted features I recognized all that had been mortal of the Greek Zeuxis.

Leopold waved back the men as they approached, and we entered his cabin. Inside, the table was overturned; pillows and blankets strewed the floor, and there were all the signs of a desperate battle. I placed Leopold upon the couch and sought to cleanse his wounds. But he declined all my efforts and beckoning to me to kneel at his side, spoke in low whispers.

"It's no use—I'm dying, Anne," he murmured. "I only want your forgiveness. Don't let me go down to hell without your pardon, Anne. My love for you was the one not wholly selfish act of my life. You knew that, Anne?"

I nodded, seeing him through a mist of blinding tears. When he began to speak I understood how my words of the evening had wounded him. I think that in my horror and hatred for the man I had overlooked the human qualities that lay buried, deep, but existent, in his heart.

"I am dying, Anne," he whispered, grasping for my hand and holding it fast in his, as though seeking to find some clasp upon that life which was slowly ebbing away. "Do you remember your words last night? That I could know love no more than a toad can know beauty? And that I seemed to you the incarnation of all evil? Well, I think you were right, Anne."

I made no answer but sat silently beside him, while his grasp tightened cruelly on mine. I knew the struggle that was taking place in his soul.

"I want to tell you something, Anne," he said after a while. "I was not quite so bad as you imagined me to be. You always influenced me for good. Are you glad to hear that, Anne?"

"Very glad," I answered.

"I always planned, when I had won you, to turn over a new leaf, as my father would have phrased it. I've been a bad lot, but I was playing for high stakes, Anne, and—and I've lost. And now I'm going to make amends. We must get you to Paris before the trial."

My hopes, so long abased, leaped up incredulously again. With Zeuxis dead I had not dared to think that anything could stay the fate which overhung my lover. But now—if Leopold should take the place of the Greek, if he should confess . . . .

He smiled weakly, as if in anticipation of my thoughts.

"Do you see that little cabinet in the corner, Anne?" he whispered. "Under that pile of papers near it you will find a key. Unlock the cabinet and bring me what you find inside."

I rose and obeyed him. I fitted the little key into the lock and, opening the cabinet, drew forth a bundle of manuscript. I placed it in Leopold's hands.

"These papers contain my confession, Anne," he said. "I wrote it once when under the influence of good thoughts—of you. Often I have been tempted to destroy it. But I felt that if you should escape me and carry out your purpose it would be but fair to give you the means with which to free your lover, the Chevalier. These papers will exonerate him completely, even after I am dead, for they contain an entire history of the plot to secure the treaty, and give the names of those who were behind us. No officer of the court could read it and condemn your lover. Now touch the bell, Anne."

I rang, and instantly two sailors reappeared from the passage without. They stood impassive and mute before us. Leopold spoke a few words to them in their own language.

"These men will take the yacht at full speed to Bon Martin," he continued to me, speaking now with a supreme effort of the will. "It is a little seaport near Marseilles, but not

too near. There you will charter a special train for Paris, using the money which you will find in the drawer of my desk. There are ten thousand francs; they are yours by all laws of war. As for the yacht, the men will take her out to sea again after they have set you ashore and convey her where she belongs. They have been amply recompensed for their work and know it.

"And now, Anne, grant me your forgiveness."

I stooped over him and pressed my lips to his forehead. I felt no longer any revulsion from this pitiful human being whose span was nearly run. I could see by the ashen pallor that spread over his face that the end was almost come. "I forgive you freely," I answered.

He smiled weakly, and, closing his eyes, lay back, his hand still holding mine. In a minute more he had sunk into unconsciousness. I sat there long; I lost all sense of time; I did not even realize that the anchor was weighed and that we were setting out to sea, nor did I hear the ominous splashes in the sea that marked the burial of the dead. I sat there till the grasp suddenly relaxed and the eyes opened. Then I left the cabin forever and went up on the deck.

I looked around me at the waste of waters over which we were speeding. I saw the silent man at the wheel, I heard the wind creak through the cordage; and in a sudden outburst of tears I found relief. Dawn was breaking in the east, and dawn in my soul. Too long I had been perplexed and harassed by this nightmare of circumstance; now my thoughts turned from the dead to the living, from Leopold to my lover.

All the next day we raced northward across the Mediterranean until, late in the afternoon, land upheaved itself across our bows, and I saw the wooded promontory of Bon Martin, with the white houses of the village nestling beneath the cliff. But the helmsman twisted his wheel and we veered away, running parallel with a white beach until we cast anchor not fifty yards from a low and desolate shore.

They had not spoken a word to me, these silent men. Whoever they were, or whence they came, I was never to learn. Now one of them let down the short rope ladder, and, standing on the bottom step, indicated that I should follow him.

At first his actions alarmed me; was it his purpose to cast me into the blue water? But a moment later I was reassured by an unmistakable sign; he wished me to mount upon his shoulders so that he could wade ashore with me. And in proof of his intention, he sprang into the sea, which did not reach higher than his arm-pits. Clearly this was the edge of a shoal; and, doubtless, the yacht had put in here to avoid notice.

With some misgivings I obeyed, and, clasping me tightly, the sailor waded ashore until he had deposited me high and dry above the sweep of the waves. Then, with a sweep of his cap, he was gone, and I stood upon the beach watching him.

He waded back and clambered aboard again. A moment later I heard the creak of the windlass, saw the anchor rise heavily out of the sea. There was a column of black smoke at the top of the funnel, the yacht began to back, swung round, and put out to sea once more. I watched her till she was no more than a speck upon the horizon.

Then, as if in a dream, I started along the beach in the direction of Bon Martin. As I trod the soil of France again my heart leaped in my veins with ecstacy. For in my dress, secure, I held my bonds and Leopold's confession. And in my hand I held the money that he had left me. I felt no shame in taking it; it would play its part in releasing Charles and it was all the reparation that Leopold could make.

And this was Wednesday evening! I should arrive days and days ahead of necessity. For I could reach Paris by Friday morning, which left me three whole days before the trial began.

After half a mile of tramping over the clogging sands I began to pass fishermen's cottages; then the white

houses of the residents appeared, strung out under the cliff, and the sand yielded to a firm road. Not far ahead of me I saw a little railway station. And, surest test of civilization, a little newsboy scampered along toward me, crying the latest edition of the Nice papers. I stopped him and purchased one, bidding him keep the change of the franc I handed him. Feverishly I opened it.

A moment later I was staggering like a drunken woman. For, in the large, black headlines before my eyes I read the fate of Charles and the uselessness of my journey. The trial was to take place on Friday morning.

The Government had hastened it by three days, to appease the outcries of the press and save the ministry. For, if I had left public feeling against Charles at red-hot heat, it was now white-hot and incandescent.

"By Friday evening the traitor must be on his way to perpetual exile on the Devil's Island, or the Government falls," was the terse telegraphic summary of the Paris correspondent.

What would I not have given now for the aeroplane that lay, a wreck of metal and wood, in Scouto marketplace!

"As to the female spy, who was released on bail," the message continued, "it is now believed that the woman who flew through France and evaded the authorities in so sensational a manner upon the Monaco frontier and at other places was not she, but merely a notoriety seeker. It is said on trustworthy report that the spy has fled to Belgium, to join her lover, an ex-officer of the German army, and has already placed herself outside the reach of the law."

I smiled weakly at this wildest of all rumors. Then I set off hot-footed. Five minutes later, breathless, with tumbling hair, I was interviewing the station-master at Bon Martin.

"A special train to Paris, Madame!" he ejaculated, when he had recovered from his astonishment. "It is impossible. It would cost you six thousand francs. It would disorganize the traffic over the entire system. Besides, no special train could reach the capital by Thursday morning. If you should take the night local to Marseilles and make the Thursday morning express, it would land you there by eight a. m., on Friday."

"But Friday will be too late," I cried, thrusting down the money upon the table of his office. "Here are seven thousand francs. Take them—only give me a train. You do not comprehend, Monsieur; it is a matter of life or death."

He rose, perplexed, and scratched his head.

"I don't see how it can be done," he faltered. "Under ordinary circumstances I could give you a special to Marseilles, where you could make your own arrangements, but unfortunately—why, the ex-Empress Eugenie comes from Nice to-night, and traffic must wait for her."

I glanced at him in dumb despair. Then my gaze wandered to a great map of the Southern Railroads of France, suspended from the wall, and an idea occurred to me. I walked over and placed my finger on it.

"But why not go through Lyon?" I asked.

He came over to me and followed the tracing of my finger.

"Why, yes, Mademoiselle, I could give you a clear road to Lyon," he answered. "But there you would have to wait for the express from Geneva, which has precedence of all traffic, for His Excellency the President of the Swiss Republic makes a ceremonial visit to Paris and—"

"And traffic must wait for him," I ejaculated, bitterly.

"Exactly, Madame," he answered, beaming. "Your perspicacity is like that of a man. I am sorry, but—"

"Give me a special train to Lyon," I interrupted brusquely.

"But it will do you no good, Madame," faltered the station-master. Then his glance fell upon the money; he shrugged his shoulders, looked at me whimsically as though it were useless to interpose further objections to my foolish whim, and became all at once the man of action.

"It shall be ready in fifteen minutes," he answered. "But, Madame, the

authorities will certainly not permit any special to follow His Excellency the President for several hours."

I made no answer but paced the station platform while the lumbering engine reversed itself upon the turn-table and at last came clattering up to its car and was coupled on. In less than half an hour all was in readiness. I stepped into my car, and, an instant later, we were off, really off, on the long road to Paris—or at least Lyon.

All through the night we raced over the vast plains, now sweeping by the Rhone, a breadth of dismal, wind-swept water, now winding among oak forests and fields of grain the scent of which came to me through the velvety blackness. I had not eaten since the preceding evening, and should not eat again till I reached Paris. I felt dizzy and weak—but the intensity of my resolution spurred me to fresh efforts; nor did I close my eyes until, soon after six, we rolled into the large station at Lyon.

Upon the platform opposite a train was standing, the engine puffing frantically, as though anxious to be off. I sprang from the carriage and raced toward it. A functionary barred my way.

"You cannot pass," he said sternly. "His Excellency the President of the Swiss Republic—"

"But I must see him," I cried wildly. "I must see the President instantly. I——"

Then I became aware that a stout, good-natured, fatherly-looking old gentleman, who had been pacing the platform, stretching his legs, had halted near by and was watching me intently. Though it was early morning he wore a full dress suit, across which a broad sash of many colors was draped. Instinct leaped to my aid. I cried to him:

"Monsieur le President!"

He hesitated and then came swiftly toward me.

"At your service, Madame," he answered.

"Take me to Paris in your train," I pleaded. "It is a matter of life or death. They will not let me hire a train. I must go, I must be there by evening——"

He bowed and offered his arm.

"You shall be my guest, Madame," he answered, and escorted me to his carriage as though I were a princess, leaving a line of gaping functionaries behind him.

That age-long journey is only the faintest memory to me now, for, once the train started, my pent-up feelings found vent in a hysterical outburst which sorely repaid the good president for his courtesy. I remember how he and his suite crowded around me as I lay in the sleeping car which he had perforce relinquished to me; how someone discovered that I was starving and fed me with milk and whiskey; how, overcome by the potency of the liquor, I babbled something of my story—at least enough to reveal my identity. Then the romance of it gripped them and they constituted themselves my servitors. Towns rushed past us and were swallowed up in the plains, night followed day, and at last, after an eternity of torment, we rolled into the terminal at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday.

Next I remember a wild ride in a cab, with the Secretary of the Swiss Legation seated beside me, trying to calm me as I brandished a bundle of papers; a halt at the fortress gates; a sudden message that sent orderlies scurrying in all directions; finally there comes to mind the picture of a court room, of the grave judges, of Charles, erect in his uniform, regarding me at first stonily, then with a cry of amazed joy. I recall, most faintly of all, thrusting down my documents before the presiding officer. Then blackness encompassed me and, as my senses failed, I felt Charles's arms encircle me, and fell into that haven as a shipwrecked sailor casts himself on the sustaining breast of the land.

To be concluded

CANADA

BY NINA A. FLOWER

THE lands of our fair Dominion
Are stretched out far and wide,
From where the wide Atlantic rolls
To the calm Pacific side.
And the sons of all the cities,
And the sons of all the plains
Are doing their best
From East to West.
To further the Country's gains.

Thousands are coming across the sea
To prairie, ranch, and town,
Making us look away ahead,
To a country of great renown.
They are people of every nation,
And have energy, never to lag,
They have come to stay,
And to pave the way,
For the power of the dear old Flag.

There is work for the masses of unemployed,
That come from other lands.
There are none out of work in Canada,
If they choose to use their hands.
This is the Land of the Future.
And every tongue shall sing
Of "The Golden Sheaf, and the Maple Leaf,"
And Loyalty to the King!

There are people of every nation
English and Scot and Jew
Irish and Welsh and Doukhobor,
German and Austrian, too.
But this is a nation all its own
And one day will change the score;
They all will claim
The same good name,
Canadian! evermore.

When Annie McDougall Was Young

A STORY OF PIONEER DAYS

By Mae Harris Anson

WHEN Annie McWhinney said "Yes" to young David McDougall, his sole possessions were a pair of horses, a good wagon, and a reputation throughout the Indian country of the Canadian plains as a man who knew no fear, a trader who gave a square deal, and a friend worth while in time of adversity. In the spring of 1871, David and Annie McDougall started on their honeymoon trip across country, nine hundred miles to old Fort Edmonton.

To-day, Annie McDougall's brow is unlined; her hair is barely touched with silver; she looks as if her life had been spent in sheltered places, as if all ills and worries and hardships had been warded from her. Yet for the first fifteen years of her life in the west, whether she was out on the trail with her trader-husband, or keeping store alone at the trading post on the Bow River, where Calgary now stands, there was scarcely a day but Annie McDougall faced situations harrowing enough to have lined her face deeply, and turned her hair white as snow. And in all the stirring years from 1871 until the coming of the Canadian Pacific railway founded towns and fostered civilization along its right of way, Annie McDougall played her part with a man's courage and with all a man's resourcefulness, in the blood-stirring incidents that inevitably came to them in the Indian country, where frequently only a hair line divided safety from direst peril.

The year 1870 marked the greatest tragedy in the whole history of the Indians of western Canada, a tragedy that not only worked a change for evil in the attitude of the red man toward the white, but also made possible the support of Louis Riel in his absurd pretensions to a red man's government in the west, independent of Canada. For with the New Year of 1870, the dreadful scourge of smallpox fell upon the Northland, and not the greatest devastation of the great scourges of history were so fatal in proportion as that which followed in the wake of this terrible disease among the Indians of the Canadian northwest.

The smallpox came in with the white man. It is, to this day, called the "white man's disease". The buffalo also literally faded away from the prairies at his advent. So, with their ranks, cut down two-thirds when the scourge had spent itself, and famine pinching the remnant, a new hatred was born among them all for the white man, and everything that belonged to him.

It was into this atmosphere of hostility that David McDougall took his wife.

At first, Mrs. McDougall traveled with her husband, as he went among the Indians, but as success came to them, David McDougall built a

trading post at the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, and there alone, or with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John, Annie McDougall kept store during her husband's long absences in the north. Until years later, even after the North-West Mounted Police had clamped law and order firmly upon the North-West Territories, the Indians lived in the hope that sometime they could terrorize the "white squaw" of David McDougall and obtain the biggest end of the bargain, if not the whole store as loot. And in the lodges of their sons and grandsons to-day, there is many a tale told of the unbreakable courage of the two women, and many a chuckle is heard over the story of the times without number when Annie McDougall's wit and sourcefulness availed, where mere strength or skill as a marksman would have been as nothing.

"I never turned my back on them," Annie McDougall says simply, in telling the story of the old days. "We had a storeroom to which there was no entrance except by a small trap door below the counter. When the Indians came in to trade, I merely opened the door, and shot the skins in, without so much as taking my eyes off the Indian on the other side of the counter."

"Were you ever frightened 'half to death'?" I asked, remembering the assertion of a famous woman pioneer of British Columbia that she never had feared anything,—drunken Indian or miner, sullen Chinaman or rattlesnake.

"Frightened?" said Annie McDougall indignantly. "Wouldn't you be frightened if an Indian six feet tall came in and stood where you couldn't get away, and began to demand all kinds of impossible things in trade, and you could fairly see murder in his eye?"

She had stood behind the counter, conscious that she was trapped like a rat, with the shotgun peacefully reposing behind the door of the house some distance away. Apparently, she held her ground bravely. In reality, she could not have lifted one foot from the ground, and literally held herself upright by her grasp upon the counter.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" Mrs. John kept saying under her breath.

"Do?" said Annie McDougall without a quaver in her voice. "We'll just have to do the best we can. You go home and get that shotgun."

While she was gone, Annie McDougall still too frightened to stir, matched her keen Scotch-Canadian wit against the cunning of the Indian, and kept him from making any hostile move or demanding something that she could not let go in trade for the single buffalo skin that he had brought. But when Mrs. John returned with the gun, Annie McDougall found her troubles multiplied, for with every choice of the Indian, Mrs. John would wail,

"Oh, don't let him have that!"

No matter what it was,—cloth, beads, tobacco, flour, groceries, dishes, —Mrs. John's perspective never changed, and always came her agonized cry, "Oh, don't let him have that!"

Finally, when the Indian had asked for, and been refused, nearly everything in the store, he pointed to a huge china platter. This time, when Mrs. John cried, "Oh, don't let him have that!" Annie McDougall said,

"Why not? What good is that old platter to us, anyway?"

But the Indian no sooner found that the white squaws were willing to let the big platter go than he decided that it was not enough in exchange for his skin. His manner of conveying his belief soon became unbearable, and finally, danger or no danger, Annie McDougall decided that he must be brought to time. Lifting the gun, she cocked it, and then calmly, but with the telltale light of battle in her eyes, she told the Indian to leave, or she would shoot. And although he was a savage of the wilderness, he had already acquired civilized man's fear of firearms in a woman's hands, and without further parley, he left.

In after years, when all danger of trouble with the Indians had passed, with the establishment of law and order, many an Indian told David McDougall that times without number they had gone to the trading post on

the Bow River, in his absence, bent upon massacring the women and looting the store. And always, the courage of the two white squaws, or some incident that spoke to their own superstitious minds, had prevented.

One day, a single Indian appeared at the post, and after a little half-hearted dickering, left. Annie McDougall scented mischief, and for once her stout heart quailed. For once, she fully realized their helpless position, —two women alone, hundreds of miles from the nearest white settlement. But that night, Dr. John returned unexpectedly. They had not thought that he was within many days' journey of the post. As they sat around the supper table, telling him of their fears, there came a sudden warwhoop, followed by the trampling of hoofs, and before they could rise from their chairs, the door was burst open, and a horse's head and hoofs pushed in.

Ironhanded Dr. John caught the animal by its bridle and forced it out, and then, between the surprise of finding him here at all, and his vigorous defence of his fireside, the Indians suddenly lost all their courage and raced away, pulling up only when they knew that they were safely out of range of the guns in the post. They lingered about, however, and a few hours later, when a furious storm of wind and rain broke upon them, they came back and asked for shelter. Dr. John was at a loss to know what to do, for the Indians were heavily armed. But, finally, as the fury of the storm increased, he told them that they might come under his roof, if they would give up their arms. At first, the Indians refused peremptorily. But as the fury of the storm increased, they finally agreed, and filing sullenly into the warmth of the living room, they lay down to sleep.

All night, the three white people stayed awake, keeping guard over the stack of arms, and keenly watchful for treachery, dreading the dawn, for with its coming, the arms must be returned, and then what might happen, they foresaw only too well. When daylight came, it revealed the fact that in spite of the shelter that had been given to them overnight, the Indians were sullen and anything but grateful. What might have happened there is no telling, for Annie McDougall says that in case the worst ever had come upon them, she would have put fire to a keg of powder and so prevented the horrors of captivity for them all,—but by one of the providential coincidences which marked the life of the whole McDougall family among Canadian Indians, a large band of friendly Stoney Indians arrived, and taking matters into their own hands, drove the troublesome band away.

If the Indians were sober, they were not hard to handle, but with everybody in the North-West Territories, except the best class of traders, helping along the smuggling of whiskey across the line from Fort Benton, Mont., the Indians managed to get almost as much whiskey as they wanted, and a good deal more than worked for the safety of the settlements. Fortunately, David McDougall succeeded for a long time in enforcing the law against whiskey-trading at his post, and the two women had no trouble on that score. Shortly before one of David McDougall's long treks into the heart of the Indian country, however, an old half-breed, named Kishawasis, settled outside the fort in an old shack. He had no visible means of support, but he gave no trouble, and David McDougall started off with a mind at ease.

One day, a band of thirty Indians came to visit old Kishawasis, and when they left, the two women at the fort knew only too well how the old man made his living, for the thirty of them were ragingly, murderously drunk, and possessed of an insane desire to shoot up the little settlement. All houses meant more whiskey to them, and knowing that they had drunk old Kishawasis dry, they fell in a body upon the store of the trader, and with brutal menacing directness, demanded more whiskey from the trembling women.

Annie McDougall told them that she had none, that there never had been any in the fort. Still they demanded it, and when she persisted in her denial, they began a "rough house,"

in their determined search for it. Finally, Annie McDougall's wit came to her rescue. She told them that if they would wait peacefully for a little while, she would get some whiskey; that it was not in the store, but she would get it, if only they would leave her husband's stock alone. Drunk as they were, they took a brutish satisfaction in the thought that for once they had brought the "white squaw" to terms, and the band settled down to wait, in drunken squabbling.

Had they been less befuddled, they would probably have thought it strange that Annie McDougall's whiskey was brought to them in pails and pots,—and piping hot! As it was, they received her with whoops of joy and drank the liquor greedily by the quart. Alack and alas! Within fifteen minutes they were the sickest creatures that ever wore the semblance of human beings. They rolled around upon the ground, they struggled to their feet, only to reel and fall again, and in their suffering, they called upon the Great Spirit to have mercy upon them and permit them to go at once to the Happy Hunting Grounds in the Great Sand Hills.

Annie McDougall, you see, had brewed some strong tea and doped it with so much New Orleans molasses that even the stomach of an ostrich would have rebelled. Then while her knees still shook with fright at the situation, she made her way to the shack of old Kishawasis and by the time she had a little more than half expressed her indignation at his having given the Indians whiskey, he was trembling himself in fear of the consequences that those terrible McDougalls might bring upon him. Mumbling all kinds of apologies and promises, he went back to the fort with her and after heroic efforts finally succeeded in getting the Indians mounted and safely out of the district.

As the seventies drew to their close, the haughty spirit of the Indians began to break. The buffalo, their mainstay, had already practically disappeared. They knew not how to till the land, even if they had had implements or the desire to live by the sweat of their brows. At length, the time came when famine stalked abroad in the land, and in their suffering, the Indians instinctively closed in upon the white traders for sustenance. Sometimes they begged it, frequently they took it as their right from those whose presence their unenlightened minds held responsible for the evil that had come upon them.

Hundreds of Indians, remnants of many different tribes which had been spared by the scourge of smallpox, gathered about David McDougall's post on Bow River, all tribal animosity swallowed up in the misery of their suffering.

To them, Annie McDougall gave all the meal that she could spare and, in addition, she opened freely to them great sheds full of dried buffalo meat and pemmican, giving them unstintedly what would represent thousands of dollars to-day. No other starving band, self-quartered upon a trader, fared half so well, yet never a meal prepared in the kitchen of the post for the family was safe from their thieving hands. They often stole the meat that was cooking on the stove.

"But what did you do? What did you have to eat when they did that?" I asked.

"We did the best we could," was the characteristic reply, "but often we had to go without meat ourselves, when they stole ours. Above all things we did not dare to say or do anything that would anger them, for they were desperate and sullen."

When the railroad came to Calgary, it worked a total revolution in the commerce of the prairies, and sounded the knell of the old trading post days. The winding trail of steel put the western prairies in touch with the civilized world, and with the Indians finally tamed and subdued to a life upon well-defined reservations, David McDougall's wandering trader life came to an end, and no more did Annie McDougall have to brave the perils of the Indian frontier alone.

THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE HERE—IT'S A CLEAR CASE OF PORTAGING

On a Little River

By Sara H. Birchall

Illustrated with Photographs

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight?
Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the
Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

BEHIND the dark chimneys of the city the September sun was setting in tawny gold, reflecting its dusky glory upon the river. The great bridge swung slowly as the tug Rita McDonald puffed and strained at the huge Cuyahoga, outward bound for the Great Lakes. Traffic on the roaring street ceased for a moment, waiting for the boat to pass. A little cool wind blew down the river and cast a drift of her smoke across our faces.

That was all. Yet instantly the go-fever was upon us, the vision of open water and open sky swept before our eyes, the scent of pine-woods and camp-fires was in our nostrils, and in our hearts leaped the desire of the trail.

Deeply we pored over maps and geological survey charts; thoroughly we overhauled our fly-books; energetically we collected grub and duffel; intently we studied time-tables spread out on the floor of The Roost; and nearly tore the blue-print map in two with vigorous argument. Next day we were gone to Arcady where telegrams were taboo and office-boys were seized as contraband at the border.

When we dropped off the dusty local at the little town that was our jumping off place, and spudded through a brisk rain to Captain Merriam's tiny cottage, we were firmly determined to have a birch-bark canoe, a real birch, Indian-made and smelling of pitch. The sixth sense of the horse-swapper probably betrayed this to the Cap'n, for he regarded us with speculative interest from behind his evil-scented Doormat Perfecto and our fate was sealed, stamped and tied with a blue ribbon from that instant.

It took many relightings of that mysterious cigar and a good hour of story-telling before business began. I wish I could repeat those tales. They were of an interest.

There was the picturesque account of an old gun loaded to the muzzle that blew off a right fore-leg and left hind-leg belonging to an unsuspecting deer which thereupon ran half-a-mile and died—probably from heart-failure.

"He cud run, ye see," explained the Cap'n with a twinkle, "but he cudn't guide himself. I don't know where the old gun went to. She blew herself clean out o' my hand, and nigh took the hand along for company. But we had venison steak an'—go 'way trouble! Give me venison steak, br'iled jus' right, with lots o' gravy!"

There was the vivid tale of how Injun Charley tried to head off a bear swimming from an island to the mainland, how the bear had turned on his canoe, and the half-breed had barely escaped with his life.

"Injun Charley took the island. The bear cud have the whole mainland and welcome, by Godfrey!" finished the Cap'n, trying to relight his cigar again. The butt burnt his fingers, and he dropped it.

"By ginger, I've been tryin' to get my money's worth out o' that smoke," he ejaculated, shaking his hand. "Guess I'll take my old pipe for good solid comfort."

With the lighted pipe tale followed tale again, the Cap'n's keen blue eyes twinkling through the smoke as he added incident to incident with the wary air of a chemist experimenting with a new compound, seasoning the stories with picturesque oaths, and seldom going beyond a dry smile at the funniest. His tired, colorless little wife moved about the kitchen with an air of having heard it all before and we sat by the stove and rocked with laughter.

At last he elaborately remembered the subject of canoes, put on his oil-skins, and rowed us across the lake to the bank where a long, pinkish-yellow, birch-bark canoe awaited a possible purchaser.

We took her out, and she handled beautifully, swinging up into the wind with infinite grace, riding light and paddling easy. Our eyes glistened, and Captain Merriam noted that glisten.

"O' course she leaks a little," he admitted with a beautiful assumption of candor. "Them Indian canoes is mighty likely to leak a little. But I'll pitch her up fer ye. She's a fine canoe."

We glanced at each other and conferred. She was no new canoe, and the price was more than we thought her worth, but she was the desire of our hearts, and we could fix her up when we got her home.

"What's the difference, five dollars more or less? The Cap'n's worth the price, let alone the canoe. Let's take her," said I.

The Indian, who is my general boss, grinned indulgently. "All right, Kid," she assented. "Let's do."

And we did.

All that trip we handled her tenderly as a sick baby. The first thing we did whenever we made camp was to haul her up, dry her out, heat the pitch-can, and patch up cracks. We got used to that. Every time she bumped a tree lying across current she sprung a new one. We got used to that, also. When

she didn't leak in the bow she leaked in the stern, and when she grew tired of that amusement, she leaked along a lacing just back of the middle brace. We didn't even bother to use purple adjectives when we discovered a new one, but merely hitched our feet up out of the wet, and bailed. We learned all the intricacies of birch-bark, and took a post-graduate course in the cussedness of that particular specimen. Incidentally, when we got her home, gave her a thorough going-over with pitch and basswood bark lacings, we could have sold her for any price we cared to name. I never saw a better handler in a heavy sea or a swift current, and she carried twice the weight of a canvas canoe.

But we didn't know all that when we said good-bye to the Cap'n, and capped his magnificent yarns with one of our own concerning a friend who had ducked a bull-moose by the nose in the waters of Lake Temagami and escaped to tell the tale. We left him less confident of our innocent girlishness, and struck out along the little Lonesome River.

That river furnished plenty of healthful excitement. It was small and quick and tricky. After a mile or two of struggle with its bends and currents, we made camp in the gathering twilight of a rainy day.

The Indian made our shelter between two big pines while I squatted over a pile of birch-bark and pine-twigs in the endeavor to start a blaze. Making a camp-fire after rain is not such an easy task as it might be. It means lots of birch-bark and dry twigs. It means careful coaxing of your match, and prayerful coddling, and patient relighting. It means more work in rustling wood and more dry light stuff to keep your big logs going all night. But when your grub-pack is finally opened up, and your potatoes peeled, and your kettles simmering on their cross-piece above a crackly, leaping, husky blaze, you have comfort unspeakable.

The woodland was cool and sweet and still, full of the scents of wet leafage and blotched with the dancing shadow-lights of the fire. The tall figure of The Indian moved vaguely among the dimness, and occasionally I heard the ring of her axe and the shuddering, swishing fall of a young tree. At last I spread our tarpaulin cloth, dished the cakes and bacon on our plates, stood up, and sent the supper-call echoing among the pines.

The Indian caressed her plate affectionately.

"Ginger! This is comfy," said she. "Aren't you glad you aren't under a nice, dry city roof, listening to the street-cars thunder along Fortieth Street?"

"Um-m!" I assented. "Have some more bacon?"

She held out her plate. You always hold out your plate in the woods.

"And the town's going on all the same as ever," she continued dreamily between bites. "I'd be fussing over the cafe menu and not wanting anything to eat, if I were there. You'd be catching a car by the skin of your teeth and wishing you were dead. And I s'pose if you took a census of all the people that rush home about six o'clock there'd not be five hundred that would change with us."

"I'm glad I'm an Injun," said I placidly. "Don't care whether the fish or the mosquitoes bite."

"Nor I," murmured she, flicking an inquisitive bug from her coffee. "Where's that flapjack-batter?"

It rained all that night, a steady persistent down-pour. When we awoke at last the first chill grey streaks of dawn glimmered through the trees, and the camp-fire was almost out. Down the back of my neck a cold rivulet was trickling. Breakfast was a silent sort of meal, but at last the hot coffee and fried mush put good-humour into us, and it was even with laughter that we repacked and set out once more, to struggle with the river's curves and eddies. Every few rods we swung around a bend at the speed of a healthy freight-train, wondering how hard we were going to hit. We never quite hit, but we did some mighty unprofessional things in the matter of dodging. Usually we had to do it as a particularly beautiful bit of woodland offered itself for our inspection, or a

long, blue-gray crane rose angularly from the reeds and flapped away. Occasionally we saw ducks. Turtles plopped off logs at the margin. Sometimes a musk-rat swam hastily away in a long pointed furrow of ripple. Squirrels chattered. Blue-jays expressed their unflattering opinion of our appearance with freedom and fluency. Cat-birds whined in the undergrowth and warblers fluted their crazy little hearts out in a mad ecstasy of song. Once a deer, drinking at the margin, jumped and scooted in alarm. Swiftly the river slipped past us, talking to itself in the eddies, nosing mysteriously about a sunken root, waving a long streamer of foam from the end of a log, rushing on dark and rapid to join some secret conspiracy, chattering frankly through riffles, ever-changing, ever-hurrying, seizing our light canoe and sweeping it along like a mischievous child with a bit of thistledown.

The sun came out and warmed us, drying our wet garments. The Indian fished an apple from her pocket and handed it over on the blade of her paddle. We finished the most difficult stage of the river, making good time. Life began to have attractions once more. Then came the cataclysm.

Very casually The Indian spoke. "Did you take down the blue-shirt roll when we packed, Kid?"

"No," said I placidly, biting into my apple between strokes.

"Then it's hanging up in the roof of that shelter, and all our money's in the pockets." There was tragedy in her voice now.

Without a word we swung the canoe into shore, unloaded her, cached the packs, and back-tracked through wet underbrush to our two hours old camp. Without a word we took down that blue-shirt roll an hour and a half later, and started down-stream again, wading knee-deep, waist-deep, breast-deep, with huge strides, until at last The Indian turned cautiously, a nervous smile on her lips, and a swirl of dark foam rippling fan-wise from her waist.

Bracing, I stretched out my paddle, and slowly, with infinite labor, she crawled up-stream the ten feet she had made in two strides a moment before to find no bottom ahead for her questing paddle. Painfully we crept to the bank against that vicious water, and breathed a sigh of relief as we felt solid ground under our moccasins again.

When at last we reloaded the canoe and swung off, we still said nothing. Feminine language has limits, and we were considerably beyond them. It was perhaps half an hour afterwards that I twisted around to change the position of the rods, and caught The Indian's eye. For a second we regarded each other with a deep, confidential gaze, and then we both laughed until the blackbirds flew out of the bushes in dismay. The incident was closed. But we never, never, ne-ver left anything behind in camp again.

About noon the sun came out for good. We stopped for lunch. I spread the kit out to dry on the short turf of our pasture. The Indian perched herself on a pine-stub and began casting for trout. When I put the coffee in the kettle, I raised a yell,

"Any luck?"

The Indian jumped from her stub. Tall and free-limbed as Brunnhilde she strode across the velvet of the sun-lit pasture, her slender fishing-rod shining in the sun like a spear, two sizable trout and one tiny one wriggling on her string, and the free wind of the open ruffling her hair. Long afterwards I reminded her of that day.

"D'you want to know one of the most exultant moments of my life?" she inquired. "It was when I cast across those riffles and that unexpected little trout bit. 'Just about so gross," she added, measuring with a slim forefinger, and we both laughed.

That night we made Point-d-Pines camp on a slim, pine-crowned crescent of land that swept far out into the silver widening of the river. Neither of us will ever forget that night beneath the molten silver of the great harvest moon. Before our eyes the world was bewitched, silver of sky and silver of river mingling with the whisper of the wind in the pines and the soft grieving of a distant whippoorwill to enchant the mortals who had set their red coals aglow on Titania's haunted hill. It was only luck that the elves

did not mischief us that night, and indeed I am not quite certain that the sudden four-o'clock-in-the-morning squall that woke us by blowing campfire coals across our blankets was not brewed by some witch of the Little People, to punish our temerity.

Even as we cleared away the fire, the sun rose behind the distant hills, and we made ready for an early start. Noon brought us to Gill's Landing, a fisherman's haunt kept by an old-timer who told us many tales of the Klondike and California, Old Mexico and Montana, drawling under his ragged moustache of the camps of half a continent. After dinner we reluctantly set out once more, promising over our shoulders to come up again in the spring when the white bass were running.

Again we made camp at Fremont opposite a fishing sand-bar, where we stayed two long lazy days, and indulged in much majestic cookery, making war on an old pickerel between meals. We got him at last with a frog, and very good stew-basis he made. Thereafter I went frog-hunting and returned successful, explaining to The Indian's admiring wonder that I got 'em by putting my feet on 'em, illustrating with a thrust-out sandal, whereupon she doubled up with unseemly mirth. We made a bucket of crab-apple sauce, and stole some rhubarb, and cleaned the revolver, and straightened out our fishing tackles, and did all the pleasant little things of a day camp, just missing idleness by a shade.

THE BANKS AFFORDED PICTURESQUE VISTAS

At the beginning of the third day we broke camp with regret. Rosy dawn above the tree-tops, grateful sunshine of the day, glow of red woodlands, single yellow-eye of camp-fire peeping from the ashes as the dawn grew to opal, all had been sweet to us, and we were very silent as we paddled away.

The rest was work. There was a headwind, a long stretch of river, and three treacherous lakes to negotiate. We crawled through a piered and jettied lumber camp at the head of the Narrows, The Indian clinging to the canoe's stern and striving to keep her from bumping on the logs, I roosting on a skeleton wharf and clawing her along beneath me with frantic wagglings, while the keen wind of the marshes played tag in my hair and dragged my skirt out like a sail. Presently the lumbermen assisted us, wherefore we were grateful.

"Can we get across the Narrows?" we inquired.

The old lumberman at the bow turned his quid in his cheek.

"Kin ef ye pull," he conceded.

We pulled. Crossing a shallow lake in a gale is one of the most exasperating things I know. No two waves take the canoe alike. The wind whips your hair into your eyes and makes you vicious. Your arm aches. Your shoulder throbs. Also your objective point never seems to get any nearer, and you don't have time to look around and compare distances.

The Indian handled the steering paddle. Long ago she had counselled me, "Whatever happens, keep your stroke so I can rely on it. Don't stroke hard. Don't stroke fast. Just keep going evenly, and I'll do the rest." So I dug my paddle in to a sort of mental one-two-three, and tried not to gulp when a big wave hit us sideways.

"I'LL FIX HER UP FOR YE," SAID THE CAPTAIN CHEERILY

We spent the afternoon cuddled under the lee of a big stump while the Narrows momentarily grew rougher and broke whiter. At last The Indian rose up, squinted at lashing water and clear sky where the wind swept by over miles of marsh, cheerless and cold, and shook her head.

"It's going to freeze to-night, Kid. Let's get a square up at the hill farmhouse, and start early to-morrow when the lake is quiet."

"All right," I agreed. I was tired, and so was The Indian.

That night we slept in a feather-bed, after a magnificent supper. Just before we turned in, The Indian lifted the curtain and looked out.

"There's a lovely moon," she announced. "Come and look at it, Kid."

I grunted from the blissful depths of the feather-bed.

"Ugh!" said I. "Don't want to see any more out-doors—ever!"

And then it was morning and the farmer was calling us to breakfast.

Down the Narrows we paddled through long strings of ducks that rose skittering from the water and trailed away before us. Through the fog came the faint sound of guns, and here and there a sneak-boat slid through the grasses. We were a little doubtful of our course in the marshes, and presently hailed a motor-boat as it passed.

"Where's Lonesome River?" we shouted, and the steersman shook his head.

"Can't hear you!"

We raised our voices still more.

"Where — is—the — Lonesome—River?" we vociferated.

Again he shook his head and bellowed "Can't hear you!" across the riffled water. We gave it up, and began paddling. He reversed his engines, and stopped dead.

"What's the matter?" he yelled after us.

"Nothing!" we yelled back. "Only wanted to know where the —Lonesome—River—was!"

I believe if we had been a rod nearer he would have heaved the wrench at us. He grew almost apoplectic. We waited.

"Lord! You're in it!" he exploded at last, and the motor-boat sped upstream once more.

Trout Lake, Lossaquid, another bit of Lonesome River, all were overpassed. At the head of Lake des Morts we held counsel, sheltered in a reedy cove.

"What d'you say, Kid?" inquired The Indian. "Wind's freshening a bit. They told us at the Landing to go across and follow the south shore, or else take the steamer to town."

"No steamers for me," said I candidly. "I want to go to town by myself. The south shore's well-sheltered, and this isn't."

"It's going to be a tough pull," mused The Indian aloud. "But I believe we can make it. Paddle up, Kid."

Now I go wherever The Indian says she will go. So I paddled up.

The wind kept freshening. What were ripples, dimples, light riffles, became little waves. Then we came out from the shelter of a reedy point, and the bow of the canoe went into the trough with a splash.

The fun began.

We crossed. I have no idea how long it took to paddle those two or three miles. I know we were both wet with perspiration through our sweaters, and I know that the remaining six miles to the town that was our objective point we shoved the canoe through the reeds. Once I suggested a short cut from one point to another. The Indian grunted.

I wouldn't go out into this lake again if there was a hundred dollar bill waiting for me in the middle," she said with finality. And we continued through the reeds.

After that, it was civilization again, and people in fresh white shirt-waists and immaculate skirts who regarded our old sweaters and battered shoes with polite astonishment. Tired we were, sunburned, sore, and oh, so loath to quit the trail! So unwilling to put the canoe into the baggage-car! So shrinking from the collar to which we had been strangers for seven long sun-lit days!

Trim, spotless, gloved, white-folks once more, we waited at the boulevard corner for our car. I saw The Indian's eye fixed speculatively upon the smooth ly-fitted coats of the other city people. I questioned her with my eyes. She smiled.

" 'Et ego in Arcadia vixisti," she quoted softly. And that's all.

THE ROBIN IN THE RAIN

BY VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

When the day is dark and gloomy,
Don't be glum;
If the rain comes down in torrents,
Let her come.
Keep a stout heart and be happy,
Smile again,
There's a robin singing somewhere
In the rain.

If hard luck is chummy with you,
Never kick;
Don't go fretting or get mooning,
Sort of sick.
Buckle in and show your mettle,
Bear the strain;
Keep a-looking for the robin
In the rain.

Aristobulus Flanders

By W. D. Eaton

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

"YOU don't have to believe in kiboshes ner hoodoos if you don't want to, I don't, musself, but some people do have streaks o' luck one way or the other that does beat all common sense, an' that's no lie."

The Old Circus Man smiled a grim little smile to himself, and his eyes had a faraway look.

"What started me I don't know, but I bin thinkin' all this evenin' about a feller 'at useta be with the organization, by the name of Risterbullus Flanders—Bullus fer short—that never had fat an' lean luck at the same time, but all one kind or all the other, till it would change all to wunst. The' was times that if he fell overboard in the middle of a river he'd come up with his hat an' his pockets fulla fish, or if he was throwed out a thousand mile in the desert of Sarah he'd turn up with a contract to haul sand. 'Nother times when two an' two wouldn't count up more'n one, no matter how hard an' close he'd figger to make it at least three. The luck did certainly run lightnin' change acts on old Bullus.

"He wasn't old neether, but ye couldn't a bet his age. Say—he had a boy's face, as free of hair as my thumb nail, but it was all criss-crossed with little fine lines, like he was eighty, only no wrinkles. Jest little lines 'at you couldn't see ten feet off. He musta had a big shock o' red hair wunst, but all the' was left of it was a forelock with a cowlick to it, an' a big mustach at the back of 'is neck that he useta comb the ends of up over 'is ears. His hands was soft, but they looked like a paira hardshell crabs stickin' out of 'is sleeves, an' his feet was sensational, they was so long, an' so wide, an' so goldarn thick. An' he was awkward. He'd kick things over that was at the other end o' the car, an' he couldn't git a knife-load of peas from the plate to his mouth without spillin' 'em all over his vest. An' cheerful! Nawthin' couldn't make 'im stop laffin'.

"The first time ever I seen old Bullus he was leanin' up against the side of a store, in a alley, wipin' his eyes with laffin'. I was out ahead with the paper an' we was coverin' the town with our biggest print'n', fer it was a three-day stand, an' the show was doo there in two weeks. The' was a stairs goin' up the side o' that store, an' he was behind 'em, tryin' to have his laff out privately, all by himself, an' I mightn't a seen 'im at all only he let out such a explosion jest as I was passin' the alley that I dug 'im out an' ast 'im to let me in on the gag.

"'Gag,' says he, 'Gag? I guess it is'.

"An' he mops 'is face again an' swallers another laff, and leads me out to the street.

" 'See that sign?', he says, pointin' to the fronta the store.

" 'I ain't blind,' says I.

" 'Read it,' says he.

" 'It had a first name that begun with a A, an' A don't stand fer Risterbullus, but maybe it was jist a stall. I can't remember the way that name was spelt, but it come out Risterbullus anyhow when you heard it, an' the last name was Flanders. Under the name it said 'Hats an' Caps.'

" 'That's my name,' he says, 'An' this is my store. Me an' my wife has got two rooms at the back where we thought we was goin' to live. This,' he says, 'is my openin' day. Opened up this mornin' fer the first time,' says he, 'an' my last hundred is in that stock, except what I got on commission, an' here's where I—'

"An then he started laffin' again.

" 'Excuse me, mister,' he says, when he'd laft 'imself outa breath, 'but of all the jokes on me—', an' once more he 'most choked over it.

"Well, anyhow. I got interested in 'im, an' little by little I found out. He'd made a killin' with the ponies three years before—pushed 'is luck one day when he had a hunch an' won the first race an' then let 'is winnins pile up from one race to another, without holdin' out a single iern man, fer the whole afternoon, pickin' the horses by shuttin' 'is eyes an' pokin' a finger down on the card. He got one hundred-to-one shot an' odds in nearly every race 'till he had the bookies standin' up in puddles of their own prespration, an' cashed out at the enda the day with about seven thousand dollars. He'd won every race. 'Ye see,' he says to me, 'I jest couldn't lose. It was my day to win.'

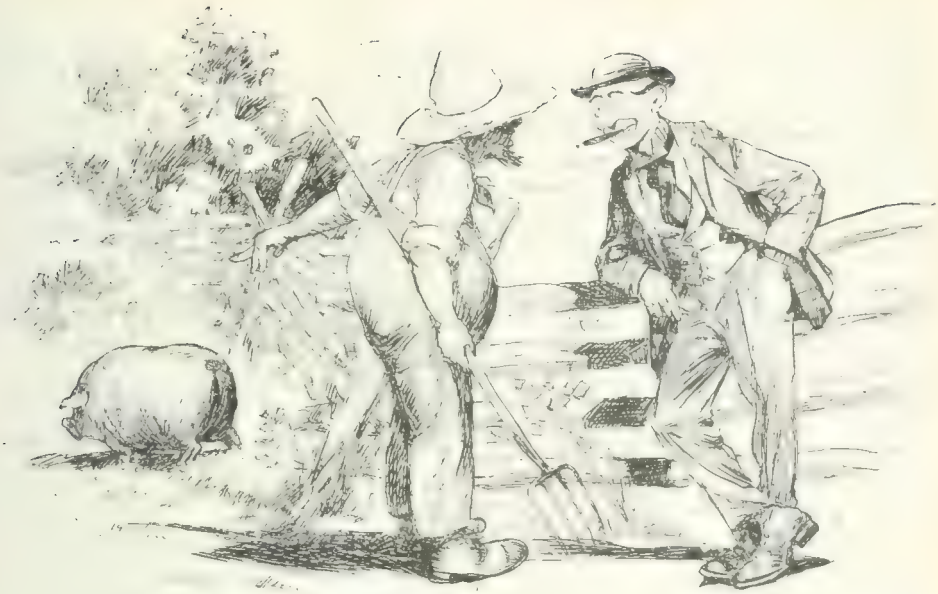
"The' was a little six-wagon country show draggin' out a existence about that time, an' this show worked a circuit where Bullus's town was the big stand. It was called Charley De Vere's Mammoth Quincuplexal Aggregation, an' of all the skate print'n' ever I see—Say!

"That management never got out a single color-piece of its own. Jist lay around the printers' fer old stock or bad orders an' picked up whatever it could, no matter whether it was circus stuff or patent medsin, so long as it was pictures; an' covered the original type lines with banners or border strips of its own at the top an' date strips at the bottom. Fake, from one end to the other, an' livin' on its press agent work. Had a menagerie too.

"The' was a mildewed old elephant that had rheumatism so bad it could creak as loud as it could trumpet, an' a giraffe that had the mange an' a curvature of the neck, an' a old tiger that had to have a package o' killick-kenick smokin' tobacca mixed in a pinta gin before he'd roar, an' a bear that woulda let ye put him on the enduva stick to wash the chariots with, an' a few raccoons an' sich. The press agent useta have stories fer the noospapers about these left-overs, an' he called them the wonders of the animile kingdom. I guess they was, too, seein' 'at they was alive at all. But the show was strong on its band, an' it had a lot o' gurls an' wimmin that done acts, solo an' in tabloos, with dissolvin' view effects on a stage, an' these with a ham clown fer the ring an' a black face troupe that done a olio, was what drew.

"Risterbullus had a bad crush on a gurl that useta have a turn on the voilin in that olio, an' posed in the tablux of The Home of the Fairies in the Bower of Ferns, that was the big feature. He got acquainted with her through thinkin' he could play the cornet an' volunteerin' wunst to do a duet with her on the voilin, an' he'd follered the show fer a few towns free grattis fer nawthin. They played 'Awft in the Chilly Night', so bad it made a hit because the public thought it was a clown act an' the gurl was a feeder fer his funny breaks. He'd go as far with 'em as he could without losin' his job o' clerkin' in a drug store, or as long as his money'd last, an' then he'd come home an' wait till the Quincuplexal Aggregation come round again, an' then go to it fer another round. She wasn't a bad gurl neether, only she was a fool.

"Well, when he'd made this killin' he says to himself, 'one-two-three-the



"I SAYS THE FEED AIN'T WORTH THE MONEY, AN' HE SAYS NEITHER IS THE PIG, AN' SEEIN' AS HE'S GOT ME, I COMPROMISE"

world-is-mine', an' jumps his job in the drug store and catches up with the Quincuplexal show an' marries the gurl, an' goes to chicken farmin' on the aidge o' this town where he lived. But the chickens wouldn't lay aiggs ner hatch settins, ner do nawthin but git consumption an' pip an' other things, an' die. The chicken sharps useta sell him all kindsa bum birds at awstritch prices, an'—what could y' expect? The chicken farm faded out -- blew—busted.

"Then he went inta reel estate, an' lost some more. They could unload anything on 'im. Then he got up a invention fer gen'ratin' lectristy by firin' two cannons into each other with one cannon-ball, the force o' the shot joltin' the lectristy outa the back enda the cannons. He spent a lot o' money trying' to make them cannons load theirselves like autytomattums when the cannon-ball was travelin' from one to the other, so's to keep up a quick action, because he found out that waitin' to load them himself took up so much time the lectristy would git lost. They had a nice little house, but his wife was too busy practisin' on the voilin to take care of it er do anything else. She said she was devoted to her art an' he couldn't expect her to spile her career fer any of his nonsense, an' this was so funny to him he useta laff till she'd take the broom to 'im. He laft the air into waves when he told me about that. Said she certainly knew how to hold a broom handle.

"By the time he found out how hard it was to make a cannon load an' fire itself at the same time an' in pairs, he was runnin' short o' money, an' he'd got himself lamed by gettin' between them cannons while they was busy, so he give it up. Said he guessed he was in wrong anyhow, because the Bank of England an' the Standard Oil an' the Rawthchilds had spies on 'im all the time, an' if he'd pulled it over they'd a jockeyed 'im outa control of his own invention same as they done to everybody else, an' he guessed he'd fool 'em by quittin'. I suppose all them financial magnets is grittin' their teeth about it yet.

"After that him an' his wife tried sevrul things an' none of 'em come acrost, but every one cost more money, till finally one day she waked up out of 'er art trance long enough to spring a bright idee. She said they oughta go into somethin' that wouldn't spoil an' everybody had to have, an' hats an' caps fer men an' boys was that

thing, fer a lot o' reasons 'at a blind man could see.

"'All right,' says Bullus. 'We'll put our little stacka reds on a hat store.' He was a dead game sport, an' the idee of runnin' a hat store caught 'is sense o' yumor. 'I'll cover the heads of all these men an' boys,' says he, 'with things that'll make this town look like the capital o' freakland.'

"So he got a line o' goods from back east on commission, to be accounted fer as an' when sold, an' blew the last cent he had into advance rent an' fixtures, an' opened up that mornin' I was tellin' you about. Him an' his wife had moved into them two back rooms the day before.

"The' was a fambly lived on the next floor, an' the stairs in the alley led up to it. The store hadn't bin opened more'n half an hour an' he hadn't sold nawthin yet when they was a tramplin' overhead an' a doctor goes up them stairs three at a time, with a bag in 'is hand. Mrs. Bullus couldn't stand fer that. She had to go up too. In five minits she was down again, chalk white an' tremblin'.

"'Whaddya think, Bullus,' says she, a-gaspin. 'The's a new baby upstairs, an' it ain't got no head.'

"'I knew it,' says Bullus. 'I knew it! The day I opened a hat store!' An' then he went outside an' was laffin' fit to die, under the stairs, when I come along.

"He said it couldn't a happened to nobody but him that as soon as he got ready to sell hats people begun to get born without heads. 'Not,' says he, 'that mosta their heads is good fer anything only to wear hats on. But I can see a joke,' he says, 'no matter if it is on me, an' this is the funniest ever.' An' off he goes into another roar.

"'Wait,' says he. 'When it turns, they'll all have two or three heads apiece. It'll come my way jest as hard as it's goin' the other way now—an' it'll be jest as funny. Life's a circus,' says he, 'an' I'm the clown'. An' he mops that queer face o' his.

"I runs acrost that Quincuplexal string o' junk again when their circuit cuts ours the next year, an' the first thing I see is Bullus, doin' the ballyhoo—standin' on a blue box, barkin' like I never heard any ballyhoo man do before ner since, an' laffin' at 'is own jokes so uproarious he has all the hicks laffin' too. It was coin fer the Quincuplexal, my son. They're sellin' tickets so fast the lightnin' artist in the ticket booth is shovin' out short change to every man, woman an' child that hands in a bill, an' they're all blinkin' so hard from laffin' that they never notice. When ye git 'em laffin', my son, you got 'em comin'. An' that rule goes fer everything under this green sun.

"I meets up with Bullus after the performance, an' he tells me what's happened. He has traded out that hat store fer a bunch o' pigs with a farmer that has a boy he wants to make a merchant outa, an' this farmer don't know nawthin' about the hoodoo, but jest goes on an' puts his boy in there, an' they're doin' business. They has run in a line o' boots an' shoes an' gents' furnishin' habergashery, an' millinery fer wimmin. I ast Bullus why he hadn't thoughta that himself, but all he does is to laff an' say if he had they'da got born without feet an' left off wearin' shirts an' ties an' collars.

"'Ain't you noticed,' says he, 'mosta these reubs ain't got no collars on already? An' halfa the wimmin ain't wearin' no hats, on accounta some new fad that it's good fer their hair. They'd make a hoss laff, let alone me. I ducked that kibosh all right,' he says.

"But it seems them pigs was a bad play too, fer they didn't do nawthin' but eat except get sick an' die, an' so he swapped halfa them off fer corn to feed the other half, an' when he'd sold what was left all but one shoat that he thought he could teach tricks to, he had that shoat an' a barn fulla corn to show fer all his time an' his seven thousand dollars. He left the shoat to be took care of with a Dutchman that had some pigs of his own, an' seein' as him an' his wife wasn't built to be corn-fed, he had to git out an' hustle to provide the eats.

"'We always had three meals a day,'

he says. 'Oat meal, corn meal, an' starch.' An' it made 'im laff to think of it.

"But when it come to a point where they couldn't see much prospect fer any other kinda vittles, she connects up with De Vere's Mammoth Quincuplexal Aggregation again, an' the result is she signs on fer her old job. But De Vere wants Risterbullus too, so't he can reestore that voilin an' cornet turn to the olio, an' this time he gits them both fer one salary. Bullus has to do his black face turn, double in the band, go out in procession, eat in the mess tent, an' sleep on the lot, but it means cakes fer both an' nine a week between 'em, only she cops out the pay envelope to make up fer his disturbin' that career of hern by marryin' her when she mighta done so much better with dozens of men she'd threw down with all o' their money, jest to throw herself away at last on a wrinkled up bag of empty laffs like him. That's what Bullus said she said.

" 'Nemmine, Bill,' he says to me when he tells me this, 'she's the reel thing, an' she sticks to me even if things is runnin' against me. She's true blue,' he says. 'Blows me up, but she's got a right to, an'—say,' he says, 'she does make sech funny cracks at me about my face an' my hair an' the way I play the cornet that sometimes I jist have to lay down on the ground an' roll. One night we're playin' sumpn in waltz time, an' I'm half a tone off, an' it gets sech a scream that De Vere makes us play it that way every performance now, an' the joke gets her so hard that she laffs till she cries every time, an' the cornet is so much softer'n my skull that I'm figgerin' where to get the price of a new one.'

"I seen his face a workin', an' I ast what's the answer.

" 'That price,' says he. 'I thought,' he says, 'I thought I'd sell that shoat to that Dutchman to raise it,' he says, an' the next time we're here I makes him a offer—cheap, fer such a smart shoat. Whaddya think he does? Ups an' rounds on me by showin' me how the shoat's growed into a pig on stuff what he's paid fer, an' wants me to pay him fer that feed, er he'd keep the pig. I says the feed ain't worth the money, an' he says neether is the pig an' I says it's my pig anyhow, an' he says he knows it is, an' he's only claimin' pay fer the feed an' keep, an' seen's he's got me I compromise. I tell 'im that if he keeps the pig six months longer he can have it. An' say!' says Bullus, 'he jest snapped me up on that—O, my!'

"An' he swats me on the shoulders so hard I shake in my shoes, an' he yowls. 'Don't tell me I can't beat the Dutch,' he says.

"His luck was sure changin', fer De Vere has raised the salary to twelve dollars the week before because the business jumped so when he took on the ballyhoo. An' when the Own an' Only Greatest opens, a week or so later, an' Danny Grogan is cleaned outa pop corn—Danny was our boss candy butcher then—an' couldn't git no fresh supply, what happens but the barn where Risterbullus has got his corn stored catches fire an' burns down, an' it turns out that every ear of it is poppin' corn, an' it all pops in that fire. The's a young mountain o' pop corn, right where it's wanted, an' Bullus gits a wad o' money as big as a hay-rick. When he got that corn, he didn't know what kinda corn it was. The farmer had rung it in on him because poppin' corn was a drug on the market that year, an' he couldn't sell it. Wish somebody'd trade on my ignorance that way. But it was Bullus's luck, an' only the beginnin' o' the turn, fer before two weeks goes by, his wife dies.—Say!

"I don't see Risterbullus fer nearly six months after that, an' then he comes to where we are an' wants my pull to git 'im into our organization, because he's got some new invention fer a tank act with high divin', an' he wants to git on the inside to work it out. Says salary's no object, fer he's made two big trades, an' he's got money enough to stuff a church, an' nobody to take care of only himself. When he's finished this invention he says he's goin' to buy a mine out in the mountains an' live there all by

himself, an' enjoy life. He's fulla poetry then too, but his mind don't seem to centre jest exactly right about wimmin, fer sometimes he reescites a piece about 'em that says they're

"'Creachers of sech frightful mane
That to be pitied needs but to be seen,'

an' the next thing I hear is somethin' about owin' fer a lodgin' in some grass widder's nest.

"Them two trades he makes is buyin' a wagon load o' books at a auction, unsight unseen, an' findin' out they're catechisms. He thinks it's another joke on him till a big camp meetin' starts up an' a feller swaps him five barls o' whiskey fer 'em before he finds out it's a dry town. The feller ain't no more'n sold them catechisms to the camp meetin' than the lid's took off the county an' the tavern keeper paid 'im about two hundred fer one fer the whiskey over what he give fer the books, an' the feller he swapped the books to gits the grand rah-rah when he tries to sue Bullus fer the difference.

"The next town he lights in the's a convention er somethin' goin' on, an' the only room he can git in the the hotel is number thirteen.

"'Thirteen Hoodoo avenue,' says Bullus to the landlord. 'Nix on the thirteen sum fer little me,' he says.

"But it's eether that er the hayloft, an' the hayloft itself is fillin' up pritty fast, because nobody else don't want no thirteen room, an' Bullus takes thirteen, reluctant.

"That night the house is gone through by a buncha burglars, an' every room but thirteen is looted—cleaned out. Them professionals was onto the hoodoo theirselves, an' wouldn't touch it. They'da got away with the stuff too, only fer a josh Risterbullus has run on a green Irish gurl that worked in the dinin' room.

"She's awful nervous because everybody in Ireland has told her the houses on this side o' the puddle burns up nights about every week, while the people is asleep, an' she's seen three er four fires since she's come. Bullus says it's all true, an' takes an' shows 'er the ropes they has fixed up in the rooms o' this hotel to throw one end of outa the windows an' slide down in case of a alarm, an' he tells 'er everybody rehearses these ropes nights when the rest is asleep, an' the house is pritty sure to burn any night now because it ain't burnt fer more'n a year. So what does she do that night about two o'clock, but throw the rope outa her window an' begin to practice slidin' down an' climbin' up, right past Bullus's window, that's open, an' bein' a oneasy sleeper he sees 'er, an' makes a grab, fergettin' all about the josh an' thinkin' it's eether a robber er a ghost. An' the gurl screams like she was a paid opry singer, an' lets go of the rope an' they both goes down in a lump, an' breaks their fall by droppin' all spread out acrost them burglars jest at the vurry minit when they're makin' their getaway through a window below. Bullus was so tickled he let out a roar o' laffter that astonished the wind into blowin' backwards, and the gurl kep' up her screamin' an' one o' them burglars' guns went off. In a minnit the people in the house was swarmin' out like hornets when the nest is shook, an' lights come, an' the next ye know them burglars is tied up an' the gurl is huggin' Bullus fer savin' her life. He don't know nawthin' about the burglary up to that time. It's all a josh fer him.

"Well, Bullus gits the credit fer the hull thing, an' they make 'im up a purse of five hundred bones. An' he has to make a sneak outa that to git away from that arrah gurl. She said he was a bigger hero than Brine Barroom, whoever that was. When Bullus was tellin' me this he reescited some more o' them verses about the dangers of lettin' wimmin go as far's they like

"'Seen too awft,' says he, 'formiliar with
their face,
We first endoor; then hate 'em, then
embrace.'

"'I bin married wunst,' says he. 'The's a Jew feller in a story I read that said "Too much is enough",' says he, 'an' I ain't so young as I useta was,' he says. 'I can make a better runnin' single,' says he. 'But,' he says, 'ain't I a divvle among 'em, fer

all o' my shrinkin' vo let ways?' An' he laffs all over his entire system.

"Well, I gits 'im on with the Governor, an' he's so fulla good nacher an' quick comeback that he coulda signed on fer the ring, but that wasn't what he wanted. He got in as a kinduva general handyman fer the executive staff, an' he was all over the lot before three days goes by. They rigs him up a pole an' a tank like he wants, an' he makes the trial dive himself, an' the next he knew somebody was sayin', "take a swaller o' this". It was brandy, an' when he'd coughed it out of 'is throat an' eyes, he finds his head in a woman's lap, an' he wants to know in a weak voice who'd put the dynamite under that tank. They didn't know what he meant first off, but when he found out he'd dived wrong an' tried to ram 'is head through the bottom he bust out laffin' an' nearly choked. 'If I'd a bin anybody but me,' he says, 'I'd a bin killed. Instead o' which,' he says, 'I git blowed to a jigger o' brandy.'

AN' THE GURL SCREAMS LIKE SHE'S A PAID OPRY SINGER, AN' THEY BOTH GOES DOWN IN A LUMP

"The lady shakes 'is head out of 'er lap, an' says, 'a fool fer luck!'

"The Old Man shut down on any more experiments with the high dive, but Bullus was always sayin' so many funny things an' made friends so easy, he got it into 'is head to turn 'im over to the press agent. That was where the run changed again.

"Poor old Risterbullus got lots o'

HE MAKES THE TRIAL DIVE HIMSELF, AN' THE NEXT HE KNEW SOMEBODY WAS SAYIN', TAKE A SWALLER O' THIS

stuff in the noospapers, an' funny stuff too, but it was all true, an' first thing y'know, the clergy an' the Sabbath school people an' the Y.M.C.A., begun to come round askin' questions. Old Risterbullus couldn't lie, an' he couldn't keep a joke, an' he would talk, an' he had money of his own to spend with them noospaper fellers, an' they didn't do a thing to the performers an' some o' the big acts an' sensations until the whole organization was roarin' mad, an' the Old Man had to call 'im off. He dropped outa the payroll too, but that didn't make no diffrunce to him. He was happy with the lights an' the smells, an' he wanted to stay on. But some o' the things he'd give to the noospapers was like cowhage down the backs o' soma the people, particularly some o' the workin' staff, an' one night Bullus didn't turn up. The next mornin' he was found in the back room of a holdup booze joint about two blocks from the lot, with a dent in 'is skull an' not a cent in his clothes. When it was reported to the Old Man he had 'im taken to a hawspital with instructions to send the bill to him. An' before we left that time I went up there to see him.

"Whaddya think? That there green Irish gurl had trailed 'im, an' had put it up the way the Irish know how, to git herself in to nurse 'im. They wouldn't have that, o' course, but she hired out fer housework with 'em, an' when I was there I found out about it an' told him. He grinned a few more wrinkles into his face an' said he guessed he could stand it if she could. An' it pleased him so much that anybody could take such interest in a joke like him, that he played up to it. Nobody couldn't do nawthin' with 'im ner for 'im only her, an' so she had her way as much as the rules allowed.

"'Goodbye, Bill,' says he to me, when I'm goin'. 'You bin a good friend to me, an' I'll laff every time I think of ye,' he says, 'an' when I'm outa this,' says he, 'I'll load up again with money an' join the show wherever y'are. The laugh's on me this round, I guess,' he says, 'but I got a lot more comin', says he.

"It was five years after that before I seen 'im again, an' I often wondered

what was become of 'im, till one day when I'm ahead again with the paper in that same old town, somebody drives up to the walk in a big shiny automobile, an' says 'Hello *Bill!*' an' roars out laffin'.

" 'Bullus Flanders!' says I. 'Is that you?'

" 'No, Bill,' says he, 'I'm a imitation of a graduated circus man, retired on 'is money an' tryin' to be good enough fer 'is wife.'

"I was as took aback as if I'd got a quick wallop in the commissary.

" 'Whaddya mean, that about a retired circus man an' his money?' says I. 'Whose cart is that yer drivin' there?'

" 'Mine,' says he. 'I made a new invention sence I seen ye,' he says, 'an' I got money enough out of it to stoke a liner crost the Atlantic,' he says.

" 'Whaja invent?' I asks.

" 'A bunghole,' says he.

"Say! I thought he was throwin' it into me, but he wasn't He'd noticed how beer barls always got the stave busted where the bunghole was, because it was jest bored in the wood, an' he invented a iern ring thing to set in it tight, so't knockin' out the bung wouldn't hurt nawthin', an' saved the stave. An' he was gettin' a cent a bunghole wherever they used one. Whaddya know about that! Thousands a year he was makin'. Owned the opry house, an' half the town.

" 'How's Hannah ?' I asks, when he explains this to me.

" 'Hannah who?' he says, kinda puzzled.

" 'Hannah that rehearsed the fire escape an' come to the hawspital to nurse ye,' says I.

" 'Oh!' says he. 'She married the Dutchman that was janitor there,' says he. Then he threw back 'is head an' let out a colyum of a laff about a mile high, so't it tore a hole in a cloud. 'Did you think I married her?' he says when he got 'is breath back again.

" 'Well,' says I, kinda peekt, 'if it wasn't her, who was it? You spoke about yer wife jest now," I says.

" 'Why,' says he, proud like, but grinnin', 'I married a artist.'

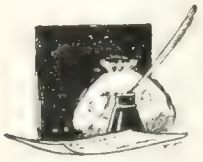
" 'What artist?' says I.

" 'The queen o' the air,' says he. 'The lady that done the double trapeze act, that said "take a swaller o' this" that time I made the high dive.'

"I wish I was outa the business an' as well-heeled as Bullus is, but I s'pose I'll keep on till I die. It's a hard grind too, my son—all work an' worry —no 'magination, ner romance, ner fun, ner nawthin' like other people has. Nawthin' but work, an' standin' fer press agents."

With the Main Guy

By Florence Randal Livesay



THE Stairs watched them go, creaking as ever a protest against the heavy tread. For the last time the Staff went noisily down the dingy five flights leading to the Meteor's editorial rooms. Many a man had gone down who had never come back, yet others came in his stead. But this was different—for the hurry and bustle and confusion, the crazy office furniture lumbering down, meant migration.

The forsaken stairs were divided into landings and breathing-places, with sharp, surprising turns mocking even the accustomed footfall—"Excelsior", the men called them—and the editor, as he rose to receive each panting conqueror, smilingly agreed to the gasping complaint. "They are pretty bad, sir, I'll confess—but we're going to move soon."

In his heart he loved the Stairs, for they were grim and forbidding guardians of his precious freedom from interruption. It was urgent business—not to be smiled away by the blandishments of the ground floor business office—that made a man attempt that ascent.

For some the Stairs had a fascination. There was no elevator in the building, and each of the flights had its habitues. Always then there was the chance of a meeting, or it might be pursuing footsteps sounded—and grew familiar—and one paused for breath, which of a startling suddenness came short. Some of the climbers were a feeble folk who loved to dally on the stair, while others were quick of ear to catch a faint footfall ahead and fleet of foot to match it.

They were dirty stairs even after the washerwoman had scrubbed her black way down from the fifth story: the wall alongside was marked and defaced by loitering telegraph boys: they were altogether unlovely, but none could deny that they were interesting. They could tell of strange descents made with scant ceremony—of men who went downhill and out of memory as they went down the steps. An erstwhile managing editor, very popular with his men, and lonely for his kind, was long remembered for his pleasant habit of inviting the whole staff over to the nearest hotel, and then and there was clattering down with jest and quip and much alacrity. It was a blue day for them when they faced the necessity of paying for their own beer.

A strange thing happened once on the Stairs. The Printer's Devil, whose custom it was to take down cuts in a handsled, had grown to delight in his expert steering. But one day the box fled too fast and the hand that strove to check its speed slipped beneath the sharp edges, which shore off two fingers. Alack, the grim old stairs wept blood that day.

Yet they had their moments of sentiment, moments which eluded the

haunting feet of Time's slaves, in their treadmill of errands night and day. Once they trembled to a brief and secret joy, when the sporting editor, six foot and sturdy, laughingly swept the little society editor into his strong arms and bore her down regardless of protestations. And no one knew. O happy miracle of the Stairs.

At night they were but dimly lighted, and sometimes they listened in mocking, leering silence to sounds of men groping in the dark and cursing long and loud. They were connoisseurs in oaths—those Stairs.

But now there is an elevator, and the Stairs are sidetracked and deserted. They have no more stories to tell, so I, who have known them in their palmy days, when history was a-making, must perforce be silent too.

I think it was the New Office that drove the city editor from home. Drink was no longer a solace, and his stained fingers rolled cigarettes listlessly, for these seemed to have lost their flavor.

In the old office the Telegraph and City Editors shared a room and all visitors were welcome at any time apparently: and when the Society Editor and the Stenographer perched on the table and window sills at four o'clock, when the frenzy of the evening paper was long over and even scoops were savorless, their advent was undoubtedly hailed with delight. The thin board partitions, vainly attempting to indicate privacy, were pasted over with clippings and posters in which "The Red Girl" and others of that ilk figured large. To the visitors the room had a delightful atmosphere of Bohemia, with the hints at mild naughtiness, with the ever-drifting clouds of smoke, with the "shop" jokes which always seemed and frequently were, funnier than any the paper ever printed. Perhaps the staff was a bit weak on discipline, perhaps its members foregathered too much in the long, narrow room where a badgered city editor wrote heads in Bedlam—but they were good comrades, always ready to lend their last envelope to the one most in need of a meal, and withal loyal to "the old sheet" on which they let their light shine.

The new managing editor was a great disciplinarian, but he bided his time. Was not the architect of the building-to-be under his thumb?

So in course of time the New Office came into existence—a cheerless conventual abode fit for monks or condemned prisoners guilty of treason, stratagems and spoils. The rooms were divided into such small compass that while every man had his dwelling-place none had much room in it. The doors were decorated with much embroidery of rank and title. "Telegraph Editor", forsooth, in yellow paint on ground glass: "City Editor" in trappings of black on white: while in the rotunda, where sat, like good little boys at school, the chastened and subdued reporters—outcasts all—the walls were tinted a delicate green and the pillars a bronze guaranteed impervious to scribbling.

It was a piteous sight to see the sporting and market editors in such unwonted surroundings. The latter said that the only place on which he felt he could strike a match was his teeth. The city editor, as I intimated before, never recovered from the shock of his environment. The society editor half heartedly put up a few pictures, but never even took the precaution of pasting them on the wall. She lived at the other end of the world, so to speak, out of dropping-in distance of all her former friends. And to this day the collection is melancholy, lacking all timeliness and life.

There have been a few attempts, spasmodic and ill-devised, to hang up innocuous calendars in the rotunda. To put it mildly, the room does not lend itself to decoration. Notices to the staff are typewritten and pinned on a green baize board, and any remarks added by the wit who dies so hard get but the meed of a solitary and fleeting smile, and next day the paper mysteriously disappears. We can never laugh together over our silly vaporings: even our telephone humorist has suffered an office change and is morose with the still giddy and expectant

Central. Ah, it is dull weather if it be indeed the spring!

In the Main Guy's room in the old office there was much comfort if there was much shabbiness. The contents of the shelves (dignified by the name of a bookcase) were in all stages of erectness, some showing a disreputable leaning towards the floor and all covered with dust. The stenographer had a squeaky office chair too low for the desk, so that she usually sat on a wooden box placed inside the chair. It was not very comfortable, although she felt it a trifle to the dignity of the office, sadly impaired in the sight of visitors. But no one else minded: most of the others used the dictionary in turn to raise their physical as well as mental stature. And while the cane in the Editor's chair was propped up with successive layers of paper the stenographer felt that complaint for herself was out of the question.

The Main Guy was of an absent-minded disposition, a lover of his pipe and in charity with all men. Unconsciously he was a public benefactor as he kept the staff in tobacco. The drawers of his desk were never locked and by the law of cause and effect his tin of tobacco was never full. They called it "The Widow's Cruse."

Occasionally he would remark to his secretary that his tobacco was disappearing strangely, and she, being a discreet young woman, would laughingly tell him that he smoked far too much for his own good. As she was in addition a privileged person she would then take occasion to mention that his absent-mindedness was growing upon him, and that a house-cleaning day in his desk department was long overdue. This never failed to make him as clay in her hands and he went on spending his substance in riotous buying.

But it was when they were in the new office that the secretary noticed the phenomenon of the cigar, following the unaccountable behavior of the Main Guy in relation to his tobacco. For he actually hid the latter. His previous attempts at concealment proved him amateur and the detectives of the staff were at heart disgusted with the guilelessness that left them no scope for their undoubted talents.

But with the new desk and its cunningly devised departments came something like a child's delight in a plaything and secret—and he hid the tobacco so thoroughly that for a day he could not find it himself. The Market Editor every morning badgered and tried to bribe the secretary for the precious secret but though she would never admit it she was as ignorant as he. It was incredible, preposterous, but true. The Main Guy had "got wise."

All this is rather a long preamble to lead up to a lonely cigar. But that cigar puzzled the secretary not a little. It lay on a corner of the bookcase for three days, and never a nicotine fiend touched it. The point was this—the Main Guy, known to be absent-minded even with "smokes" had left it there and forgotten it. The Hunters of the Night must have seen and handled—but they had never carried it away. Was it to avert suspicion—did they think the Main Guy, elated over recent triumphs, was trying to set a trap for them?

"Can that be a cigar I have seen before me for three days?" said the secretary, finally.

The Main Guy smiled somewhat sheepishly. "Yes, it was given to me. I- I- left it there for some of them to carry off—but they've the finest brand of connoisseurs in this office I have ever come across. I tell you I'm proud of them. They can smell the good stuff like a bloodhound on a man's trail but you can't palm off a poor cigar on any man-jack of them. They're a set to be proud of, as I say. I confess I would have been a bit disappointed if this had gone"—handling it reflectively.

"But wasn't it a little marked?" I don't think they deserve much credit when you hide your tobacco and make a cigar display. In vain in the sight of the bird".

The Main Guy chuckled.

"I'm a bit absent minded, I'm

afraid, sometimes, but of course leaving good cigars out would be overdoing it. Yes, I don't wonder the boys were suspicious."

A puzzled look came over his face as he felt in the empty bowl of his pipe. "I had some tobacco once," he said. "It's tiresome remembering the various caches. The last I think was among the envelopes in your desk. Ah, thank you."

And the secretary at last understood why her best friend wrote to ask her if she ever smoked cigarettes.

FISHERMAN'S SPRING SONG

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

Here at the street-end the drawbridge is turning,
Here in green water the lake-steamers churning
Call to me, beckon me, set my heart yearning,
Tell me the brush-fires up north are burning,
Coax me away with the spring!

You that have been there, you know? you remember?
When did we meet last time—'long in September?
Same Ananias Club—oh, I'm a member!
Same old fish stories down to the last ember.
Say! You remember in spring!

Same leaky birch hid away in the hemlocks,
Same white-ash paddle, same portage across rocks,
Same fallen tree and the chute down at Marlock's,
Same old blind outlet to hunt into South Fox,—
Let's go on back, for it's spring!

Coffee at twilight and red embers glowing,
There have I been and it's there I am going,
Where the dark rivers run swiftly south-flowing,
Where the elm-keys on the current are snowing,
Where there's a six-inch fin turning and showing
Give me the river—it's spring!

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

WINDY March many-weathers is here with her lambs and birdlings and promise of flowers and fruit. Proverbs circle about March like winter sparrows about the crumbs. "February makes a bridge," says one, "and March breaks it. "There is no great amount of comfort to be extracted from that saying. The proverbs do not vary, but the weather does. The very phrase "many weathers" serves as a formal notice that we must be prepared for anything in the matter of climate and surprised at nothing. Tennyson's observant phrase, "the windy gleams of March," suggests a more normal and constant weather-type than is referred to by any of the ancient proverbs. March is also accustomed to borrow three days from April; but they are usually ill days, or perhaps April would not be so ready to make the advance. Anyway she returns the compliment by borrowing for her own occasion three days of March, also usually ill days; so that whatever may be thought of the morality of the transaction, the meteorological rate of exchange is fairly maintained.

At all events that grim back of winter has been broken. The birds have packed their Saratogas down south and some are already on the way to the great breeding places of the north land. A few have already arrived though they left their music behind and are merely prospecting before they send for the bride-elect and prepare to begin the honeymoon. The shore-larks, in their hurry, got here as early as February, while the large hawk family is arriving on every aeroplane. The robin, whose first delicious notes lift the heart and fill with heaven-sent inspiration the mind of the poet is not yet with us and we must remain content with the cheerful cheeping of the city sparrows. But all nature is stirring and thrilling—as are our hearts—with love and hope and renewal.

For, lo, the winter is past. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come.

PAPER BAG COOKERY

WE bought them with smiles and hope—big brittle bags for roasts, medium bags for chicken and the like, and little bags for hash, since a little of

that goes a long way. Our results would have been ludicrous had they not been so unfortunate. The bags burst, the gravy ran out, and the contents were not of appetizing complexion. Cook sneered, and Mary frankly laughed. The man of the house went dinnerless and took it out on his pipe, and the lady of the house took it out in tears, M. Soyer went spinning through the kitchen with his book and fell behind the ice-box and remains frozen there to this day.

And yet, the newspapers write columns of humorous advertisements about paper bag cookery. Magazines feature the bags and print their photographs alongside the theatre beauties. Even reviews sing their praises in heavy-handed phrases. Somebody must be paying somebody else a great deal of money. Lady journalists rave in paragraphs over the juiciness of what comes out of the bags until your mouth waters as you read about how the stuffing "permeates the fibre" of the turkey, while Irish stew loses none of either national flavor or gravy. Poets sing the praises of the bag in stanzas many enough to fill a column of the Woman's Page and so lighten the cares of the editor; while the answers to correspondents columns simply burst with enough juiciness to baste fifty Fat Boys and serve them in fifty tureens of sauce and some to spare.

Are we then the only paper bag failure? Why should our steak turn out pallid and of frightened mien instead of brown outside and light pink in the middle? And why should the chicken taste of carrots and the carrots of onions? Why should M. Soyer lie frozen under the refrigerator and a poor devil of a Pedlar be reduced to the crumbs of yesterday's ham sandwich which gather in the bottom of his pack?

A bas M. Soyer! A bas papier mache bags! Aux armes, citoyennes! Let us dance the Carmagnole and send M. Soyer a la lanterne!

THE POOR DEAR CONSUL

THE ball was given in a big town in Ontario and the foreign Consul is not unknown to fame, which is as far towards revelation as a writer may permit himself to go. The Consul was little, and the Consul was stout, and his evening clothes were not of the latest pattern. With a snap which everyone near heard but him, something went and the small clothes of the Consul crept out of hiding and took a peep at the scene. The little man tilted up and down on tiptoes, his foreign order decorating his breast, totally unaware of the discrepancy between the bottom of his waistcoat and the top of his waistband. He presented a ludicrous figure and made an amiable old lady so nervous that she dropped and broke her lorgnon, as she whispered the story of a French lady to her neighbor.

This lady, it appears, had a beautiful figure whose beauty she sought to increase by tight lacing. (This happened in days when corsets were corsets, and waists wore a waist line.) When Madame was going out at night she used to lace before dinner because she couldn't do it after. So she used to lace and then eat sparingly as she was compelled to, and one night when she had got herself down particularly fine she was going to dine off a dozen raw oysters which she thought would be at once satisfying and nourishing. But, hungry as she was, she soon found that she could not eat them all. She managed to eat eight of them, essayed a ninth and tenth, and the eleventh looked so alluring sprinkled with tabasco and dusted with cayenne that she ventured on it. It proved to be the straw that broke the staylace! There being

SHE MURMURED "LOVE, HONOR GO GAY" AFTER THE BISHOP

nothing else left to do, the lady gracefully fainted—"And, my dear," went on the storyteller, "if somebody doesn't tell the poor dear Consul that the last oyster was too much for him we shall have an expose before royalty itself."

It was just here that "My Uncle Toby," the poor dear Consul, becoming aware of his condition, retired hastily, and that the narrator providentially broke her eyeglass. The very obvious moral of this tale is that every gentleman should patronize his tailor at least once in ten years.

after the Bishop. Some gentlemen of the cloth have progressed so far in modernity—that bane of Rome—as to aver that the humble little word is of no significance, and there is a grain of truth in that, for generally miladi goes the way that is most agreeable to her after marriage, while persuading him that she is acting in accordance with his wishes. Besides, what right-thinking man would demand obedience from a timid, shrinking little woman? I think the sole reason "obey" was ever invented in the marriage service was to flatter the vanity of man. If

APT WE ARE TO BLAME THE GOOD PAPER BAG FAILURE? WHY SHOULD OUR STEAK TURN OUT PALLID DEAD OF BROWN OUTSIDE AND LIGHT PINK IN THE MIDDLE?

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

TO obey or not to obey—that is the question in regard to the marriage service, which is agitating some good souls and clerics. It was an Irish girl that slipped the question when she murmured "love, honor and go gay" that poor creature imagines any woman regards it as binding, he is sadly undeceived before the honeymoon has ended. Woman obeys only as the horse obeys the whip-lash—when it would be dangerous to do otherwise. Of course we all know there are times

when patient long-suffering woman takes the bit between her teeth and upsets the applecart. Then it is the man that obeys the laws of gravitation and falls down. It is rather odd to read that no one—not even the shepherds of the flock—seem to know who put "obey" into the marriage service. The proper word is, I believe, "submit," but of the two I prefer the former. I believe St. Paul is blamed for it all. When in doubt ask that much quoted Apostle. You know how it goes;—"As St. Paul says," and you prepare for something final—and difficult. I often think we father too much on that good Saint.

As to "obey", you can be very well and soundly married—tied in a gordian knot indeed, without saying it. There is no ne temere decree standing over the word with a whip.

PERSIAN LAMB AND PERSIAN LOVE

EVER since the young American, Morgan Shuster, who went over to Teheran to assume the duties of Treasurer-General of Persia was turned down by the Czar," writes a Canadian friend living in Paris, "everything Persian has become the cri de moment here. Persian teas and Persian lamb divide the honors with Bordovi of the Theatre Capucines and Polaire's green tulle hat crowned with those hideous worsted flowers. The thing to do is to give a Persian tea and engage a Persian raconteur to tell tales of the hareem. Of course you do not have to vouch for either the truth of the tales or the honesty of the raconteur. I heard him the other day on the topic of Persian flirtations. It seems that the intrigue forms half the life of Persia just as it does of Paris, with this difference that with the Persian one cannot discuss his womenfolk. To ask a Persian about his wife is, it seems, a grave breach of etiquette. The most you can do is to ask about the 'mother of his son!' If he has only daughters he does not mention them. They are a misfortune to be suffered in silence.

"The man never sees his wife until after the marriage ceremony—you should see the interest expressed in the eyes of the elderly girls present when Astrabad told us that! Here was a chance! But the wife, on her side, always has to remain in seclusion in order that she may remain faithful—hence springs the love of intrigue. Astrabad related the sad tale of a Persian lady who met a traveller, a white man, in a jeweller's shop in Teheran. She let fall a branch of jasmine, he picked it up, dropping a white flower from his coat as he stooped. The lady seized the flower. Two days later the flower, stained crimson, was returned to the traveller at his hotel with a polite intimation that he had dropped something. And the stain on the flower was made by human blood."

SHE LET FALL A BRANCH OF JASMINE

A GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

HAVE you read the great books of the year? Arnold Bennett's

"Hilda Lessways", Margaret Deland's wonderful "Iron Woman", Lucas Malet's weird story of "Adrian Savage", and the greatest book of all—perhaps barring that peculiar one known as "The Dangerous Age"—"Jennie Gerhardt" by Theodore Dreiser. This is said by the critics to be the finest American novel ever written. This, too, with in mind "The Scarlet Letter," Norris' wonderful books, the works of James Lane Allen, Mrs. Wharton, Weir Mitchell and "Uncle Tom's Cabin". This, the verdict of the best living critics, including William J. Locke and Arnold Bennett, seems to a humble scribe who has just closed the pages of this master-book, a very fine and true verdict. "Jennie Gerhardt" stands all by itself, a lone masterpiece—a grim, gaunt, strong book, the most impressive piece of art ever given on this continent in prose fiction—a stark tale of absolute realism, an interpretation and a criticism of life that we know to be as true as it is sombre.

There are books that are unfit for any woman to read—the books of Sudermann and Mirabeau and some others. It is to laugh when, remembering that there are such books, some little reviewer tickets "Jennie Gerhardt" as an immoral tale. It is on the contrary the everyday story that you read in your morning paper when so pleasantly munching your crisp toast and sipping your coffee. Every police court is haunted by such tales. If there be such a thing as that called by every editor a human interest story, "Jennie Gerhardt" is that—for it is the story of a girl who has fallen by the way, who recovers herself only later to pay bitterly for the folly of the ignorant girl, since through her fall, the eyes of the soul are opened, the sensitive spirit awakened and a being who in earlier years had not, perhaps, the finer perceptions, had not the great capacity for either joy or suffering, experiences as only a sensitive soul can, the pain of love's loss, the facing of the long empty years—"Days and days in endless reiteration, and then—"

Jennie Gerhardt, is a poor working girl. A United States Senator sees the girl scrubbing in a hotel and is charmed with her freshness and beauty. He promises her marriage but dies and leaves her with the little child, Vesta. Later she goes as maid to a wealthy family and attracts Lester Kane, the son of a millionaire, with whom she lives,—somehow you never blame Jennie for what she does—under promise of marriage until he hears about her child. He leaves her because of his father's will and on her own entreaty—as always it is the woman who sacrifices self for love's sake—and he marries another and dies. But not before he has sent for Jennie and told her that old, old tale "she is the only woman he ever really loved."

And Jennie lives on, her child dead, facing the "days and days of endless reiteration—" a better woman at the end of the chapter than she was in the beginning.

That sounds a bald tale enough, doesn't it?—and rather a cheap tale, and assuredly a tawdry one—but the art in the telling! The strength and power and gripping interest of the book despite its topsyturvy morals is what makes it the greatest book. It is no worse and no better, as its morality goes than the story of Little Emily so exquisitely, so tenderly told by Dickens, or than Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," or even Bennett's "Hilda Lessways." It is the story of the morning paper and the police court, but it is told with such barren simplicity, such a lack of theatrical emotion, such accuracy and insight, that for long after you have closed the covers you are haunted by the stark and tragic figure of the woman who has loved and lost, and who sees only stretching out before her the empty years—"the days and days in endless reiteration, and then—?"

. . . . . .

A GREAT CANADIAN

AS some one—Robert Barr, I think it is—puts it, the door of the House of Commons at Westminster has closed on the last of the great gentlemen who for so long dictated the policy of England, and a vigorous,

hard-headed strong Canada Scot holds the reins of power. Mr. Bonar Law is the first politician who has been able to send Lloyd-George to the mat. He can hit hard, as the big little Welshman knows. He is, according to the Saturday Review, "steeped in the lore of dock warrants and weight notes, of port dues and discounts." His make-up contains such elements as reason, philosophy and figures. He is what is commonly called a "walking encyclopaedia," and his craze is accuracy. Winston Churchill fights shy of him, Mr. Asquith is frankly in fear of him, and T. P. O'Connor is looking attentively at him over the edge of his wise spectacles.

IT IS THE EVERYDAY STORY THAT YOU READ IN YOUR MORNING PAPER WHEN SO PLEASANTLY SIPPING YOUR MORNING COFFEE

A man of Macaulay-like memory, Bonar Law is independent of notes. He never uses them, but he always carries them. His fad is making quotations which are accurate to the very hind-marks. If a debater challenges Mr. Bonar Law on any one point, the Conservative leader claps his hand in his pocket and out comes the verifying quotation. He is absolutely the right man in the right place for Canada. He is Canadian first and Scot second, or rather a splendid mixture of the two. More, he is a Blue Nose. He comes from that part of the Dominion which has produced our brainiest politicians. Moreover he is comparatively young,—strong, and bursting with vitality. He has a fine face, a cavernous penetrating eye, a firm jaw. His dominant expression seems to be one of restraint and reserve, it is also a melancholy if not a sad face. Patience is marked on it, and indomitable perseverance. His height and the spareness of his figure deepens the ascetic cast of the whole man. One could imagine him fervent without being fervid, never flowery or emotional, always "captain of his soul." He has never been known to commit an epigram. There is nothing acid in his oratory; he is always calm and gestureless, lucid, trenchant, and quick. He is, in fact, a sort of iron man, or perhaps steel would be the better word to use.

And one thing more; he is an admirable chess player. The Scot in him gives him his strength, reticence, caution and fine reasoning powers, while the Canadian side of him is expressed in his splendid business

capacity, his quickness of speech, his cool and unembarrassed manner, his mastery of himself.

It is the Scot in Bonar Law that plays such a fine game of golf, but it is the Canadian in him that makes him such an admirable chess player.

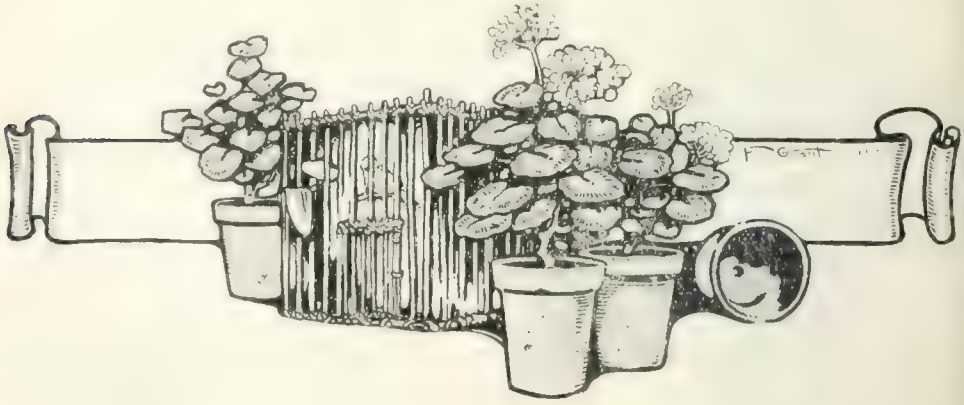
THE SHAMROCK FOR EVER

THIS is Ireland's month. At home they will be weaving little wreaths of shamrock and crowning the Virgin and Saint Joseph with them in the roadside village chapels. They will drink one another's health in a "St. Patrick's Pot." and talk of the woes and struggles of old Ireland in the centuries past but not forgotten. What memories Irishmen have! The famine year and the rebellion year are as near to them as last night. How is it that in the deep country villages where so many can neither read or write, the history of Ireland, her wrongs and oppressions are matters of common talk? You will hear a countryman who could not put two and four together if his life depended on it, talk fluently about the heavy taxation "put on poor misfortunate Ireland"—I do not think there was ever a man piked in the "bad" year but is remembered by somebody in some nook by the bog. The "Informers" will not have any "good health" drunk to their "sowls" I can tell you, neither will Castlereagh be forgotten in potations consecrated to Hades. And Robert Emmet—poor glorious Emmet!—will be remembered in his un-named grave, and Lord Edward, and the rest of that gallant band of true patriots. There will be talk of Home Rule and disputes between the Shinn Feiners and Nationalists; and there will be cat-cornered fights and heads rapped, and many a brawny shoulder will hit the mat.

But every man will wear the shamrock in his hat, and every colleen on her breast, and here's to it! The green immortal Shamrock! God bless it!

> I wear a shamrock in my heart,
> Three in one, one in three—
> Truth and Love and Faith,
> Tears and pain and death;
> O sweet my shamrock is to me.

An Irish story which came my way this week may not be amiss here. The Royal Dublins were making a good deal of noise in one of the barrack rooms the night before they left for Cork. The sergeant-major who slept just off the room in which the shouting and singing were going on, opened his door, and in a loud voice called out, "Stop that noise!" The tumult ceased at once. Amid the absolute stillness which followed the clarion voice of the S-M. rang out once more—"See here; I'll have nothing but silence *and very little of that*!"



For the Sake of the Children

By Louise Glasgow

Illustrated by

C. A. MacLellan

MARIAN put a few clean hickory sticks in the grate when she came back from the telephone; then she sat down again and watched the flames curl up around them.

"I suppose Delia would stay in with the children," she said half aloud, "but I could not go to a play to-night. It is just like dear Gregory though—he is so kind, so thoughtful, so anxious to do something for my happiness all the time! Surely, surely, it must be the right thing for me to marry him."

Marian had kept the wood fire blazing in her little sitting room and had sat alone before it many nights during the past two years—since the divorce. The cheerful little fire had helped to rid her of the old soreness, and the old bitterness had long ago passed away in the glow of the leaping flames.

"Maybe it was a strange thing for me to write to John", she half whispered again. "I wonder what he said when my letter reached him this morning—he must have had it this morning How will he answer it? I suppose he is writing now, to-night! I couldn't go to the theatre with Gregory, remembering that all the time. And yet why should I bother him? He doesn't care for me, nor for the children; not for any of us!"

The telephone rang again.

"Yes," Marian answered. "This is Mrs. Stinson.

"Oh, yes, I know the voice—I know who is speaking."

Then hesitatingly, "Why yes, I suppose so.

"Oh yes, come right away."

She put up the receiver, but she could not sit down quietly before the the fire as before.

John here, instead of answering her letter! Writing was one thing, but

seeing him was another. And he was in town and coming to see her in a few moments.

She almost wrung her hands as she walked nervously up and down for a few seconds; then she glanced around, remembering how intolerant he had been of anything like disorder. She hurried about the room, straightening a chair here and there, putting the magazines in neat little piles. There was Jack's school bag! She hung it in the closet where it belonged; and Helen's Teddy bear—how had the child gone to bed without it! She threw it in the closet, mentally vowing to remember its hiding place when Helen should ask her in the morning, as the child surely would after a vain quest for Teddy in his accustomed haunts. Then she ran to her bedroom and put a beauty pin in her collar and pulled her hair so it looked a little fluffier at the sides. There was no time to do more, for then the bell rang.

She opened the door and greeted him with the correct cordiality which she gave to her men friends. He came over and sat in the other big chair beside the fireplace. Marian's heart gave a foolish throb at seeing him there. Just so they used to sit when that fireplace was new, when she had come a bride to the house and John and she had seen castles in Spain pictured in the glowing embers. It had been in front of that fireplace that she had once buried her face in John's shoulder and told him that one day there would be baby hands at her breast. The memory of that night thrilled her through, and she caught her breath with a sharp little sound. Did John have memories, too, she wondered. He was very silent, sitting there in the familiar old chair. But when he spoke his tone was matter-of-fact.

"I got your letter," he said after a little while." "What do you want me to do about it ? If you want to marry Harrison, why don't you go ahead and do it ? I've looked him up, and he seems to be all right." His tone was so even that Marian could not tell what it presaged. She answered him as evenly, however.

"There was no one else to advise me, and your judgment was always so accurate."

"Well, I have met Harrison, and I think he is a very decent fellow. I daresay you might get along together all right." His voice was very calm, his manner entirely judicial.

Marian looked him over and seemed to see care and age about him.

"Are you quite well?" she said suddenly, and there was the faintest flicker of a tremor in her voice.

He took the poker and turned one of the blazing sticks.

"Oh yes, thank you," he said, "quite well, quite well. Children all right?"

She moved a little uncomfortably. "Oh yes indeed, they are quite well, too, thank you, and growing so big!"

"Could I,—" he began, and then he showed uneasiness for the first time, "do you think—couldn't I see them?"

"Of course," she answered. "You would hardly know Jack, he has grown so the last two years. When—when we were left alone, he took it upon himself to be head of the house and 'mother's man,' and you should see how he shouldered the responsibility of everything—burglars, and stray chickens, indiscriminately. He—he looks very much like you."

She had chattered along hastily, hardly knowing what she said, but into the man's eyes came a gleam. Jack, valiant little man that he was, had never told his mother of his father's command to take care of her, to be, as she had put it "mother's man." John Stinson nodded his head approvingly. Jack had kept his trust—there was the right stuff in him, then. And she had said the boy looked like him. He stole a glance at the woman who had been his wife, with whom the memories of his youth and his first serious struggle in the man's world were bound up. She was older, undeniably. There were gray threads in the brown hair, and while she was still pretty and unwrinkled, there was a new seriousness and sweetness about her that the impetuous girl-wife had lacked. He smiled as he recalled the foolish things over which they had quarrelled. After all, they had been two hot-headed children themselves—nothing more.

She looked up at him quickly, with a half-smile.

"What are you thinking about—John?" she flashed at him. "That I am getting old? It seems to me I've grown about ten years in the last two."

"No," he answered, startled to find that he had been staring at her in his reverie, "I was thinking what children we were, to have two youngsters. Are they where they used to be?"

"The same place," she answered. "I haven't changed things around much."

Marian rose; her hand trembled a little as she switched on the light in the passage. He followed her to the children's room.

She turned on the light and showed them, the boy with his ruddy muscular loveliness, and his sweet towsled little sister, each in a little white bed, flushed and rosy with sleep and health.

He leaned and stroked the cheeks and forehead of the boy and ran his fingers through the crisp fair hair. He moved to the girl's bed and sat down for a moment, then dropped his face in the pillow beside her.

"John!" Marian cried, wonder, amaze and joy all blended in her tone.

He sprang up and laid a hand on each of her shoulders.

"Marian!" he said "Marian, tell me why you wrote me that letter!"

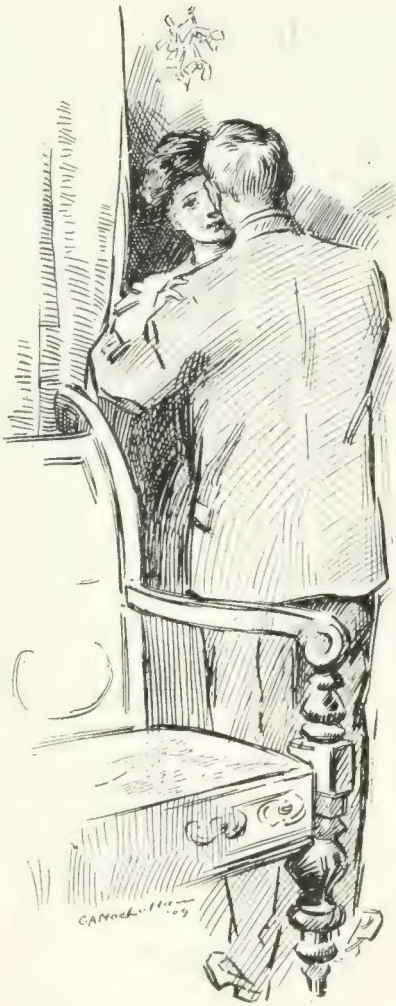
"I don't know," she answered, her head drooped and her eyes cast down.

Just so she had looked nearly ten years ago; just so she had answered when he asked her an old, old question.

"I don't know."

John smiled, a happy smile. Just so he had smiled nearly ten years ago, but just so he had not smiled for years.

He put his hand under her chin and raised her face to his.



"MARIAN," HE SAID, "MARIAN, TELL ME WHY YOU WROTE ME THAT LETTER"

"I know why, sweetheart," he said; and like a weary child she put her head on his shoulder, and his arms closed around her.

A MARVELLOUS STORY

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

HER hair was wondrous fine
And brighter than spun gold,
An aureole divine
Of graceful coil and fold;
Heaped high upon her head,
Or bound within a net,
Or, glinting gold and red,
Wound in a coronet.

Such hair as poets sing,
Such hair as artists paint,
In loop and strand and ring,
In curls both odd and quaint—
The sunlight came to play
Amid its glossy strands
When it she would array
With her bedimpled hands.

But it is not of this
We started out to write;
The point of all we'll miss
If 'tis not kept in sight.
The wonder of her hair
That all so richly shone
And was beyond compare,
Was—it was all her own!

THE FINAL REFEREE

AN ambitious grade teacher made it a point to give talks on modern topics to her children, and had mentioned the Ultimate Consumer.

"Now who can give me a definition of the Ultimate Consumer?" she inquired. One hand went up.

"Please, teacher, I guess it's our goat," was the reply.

PATENTED

SHE was engaging a cook, and the cook was Irish.

"Did you stay long in your last place, Mary?" she enquired.

"No'm. I never stay nowhere long enough to be discharged, mum, I'm one of these here fireless cookers."

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

"THE barber told me a very interesting story this morning as he shaved me," said the City Editor to the Rewrite Man.

"He did?"

"Yes. He also illustrated it with cuts," added the City Editor, fingering a bleeding chin.

CANDOR IN THE MINORIES

"AN' just to fink, Mrs. Jowles, as your Bill by now is 'ittin' 'is 'arp wiv the hangels!"

"Not 'im. 'Ittin' the hangels wiv 'is 'arp is nearer 'is mark."

ALSO WITH GLOVES

ASSISTANT Editor Here's a farmer writes to us asking how to treat sick bees.

Editor—Tell him he'd better treat them with respect.

REJECTED HIM

JACK—Was that your sister I saw you with yesterday afternoon?

Tom—Not then, but she was before I left her.